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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Woodstock; or, the Cavalier. A Tale of the Year 1651. By the Author of "Waverley, Tales of the Crusaders," &c. 12mo. 3 vols. Edinburgh, 1826, Constable and Co.: London, Longman and Co.

REMARKS on the interesting period of our history on which this tale is grafted, or disquisitions upon the dishevelled forms into which social life was thrown by civil discord, would be but trite, even if we had not been induced to state these common-places in noticing several preceding works by the author of *Waverley*, to whom it is not wonderful that this era, so fertile of matter for the *conteur*, should be peculiarly attractive. Thus we have already the *Fortunes of Nigel*, in England, in the reign of James I.;—the *Legend of Montrose*, on Scottish ground, in that of Charles I. (1641, *et seq.*);—*Peveril of the Peak*, again in England, in that of Charles II. (1658, *et seq.*), only a few years later than the present; and *Old Mortality*, again in Scotland, about the year 1679.* Of these, *Peveril of the Peak* bears the closest resemblance to *Woodstock* in political and religious characteristics; indeed we may say in almost every respect, and so much so, that, except in introducing some well-drawn individual portraits, the latter can hardly be considered as opening a new scene. For Sir Geoffrey Peveril, cavalier, we have now Sir Henry Lee; for Ralph Bridgenorth, Presbyterian and Round-head, Colonel Markham Everard; the friendship between the opposite parties (as in *Peveril* and *Bridgenorth*.) is repeated between Everard and Wildrake, a ruffing cavalier; and even the intrigues of Ganlesse, alias Ned Christian, find something of a counterpart in those of a Dr. Rochcliffe in the present novel. Like *Peveril*, too, the first volume is chiefly taken up with a *coup d'ail* to exhibit some of the *dramatis personæ*, and develop the opinions and relative positions of the various sectarians and factions into which the country was split, at the opening of the story; and it is curious enough to add, that the very carelessness of style, and occasional descents to perhaps natural but certainly rather mean expressions in dialogue, which we noticed in our review of the former work, (see *Literary Gazette*, Jan. 1825,) might with equal truth and propriety be republished on this occasion.

The preface to *Woodstock* requires no comment: it is rather explanatory, and does not slip into that vein of humour which has rendered some of the author's introductory chapters so agreeably celebrated. The story opens at Woodstock, where an Independent called Trusty Tomkins (who figures at large in the subsequent pages,) thrusts Master Holdenough, a Presbyterian parson, out of the pulpit, and

himself delivers a sermon-harraugue in favour of the army, and to promote the hunting down the cavaliers scattered abroad after the battle of Worcester. Among other measures against the defeated Royalists, it has been resolved to dispark the royal manor of Woodstock and plunder the Lodge, which is held by the ranger, old Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley, one of an extremely loyal race, and much reduced in circumstances, in consequence of his attachment to the house of Stuart. This sturdy knight, his daughter Alice, Jocelin Joliffe, a quondam under-keeper, and Phoebe Mayflower, a pretty country maiden, and Bevis, a faithful hound, now constitute the whole establishment of the once well-filled mansion of Sir Henry Lee. Albert, his son, is among the fugitives from Worcester, whose fate is unknown; and Colonel Markham Everard, already mentioned, who is the cousin and lover of Alice, is attached to Cromwell's side, and, of course, not looked to for succour by the Lees, in the growing emergency. He does, however, come forward to avert the crisis; and his efforts to accomplish this, the means he takes, and the involution of events to which they lead, make the chief machinery of the tale, implicating not only himself and those we have already named, but also Cromwell, Desborough, Harrison, Bletson, (the latter three commissioners for the confiscation,) and Charles II. himself, who seeks refuge in the concealment of the once royal palace of Woodstock, which, with Rosamond's bower and labyrinth, is excellently calculated for hide and seek.

Trusty Tomkins encounters the worthy Ranger and his daughter Alice, as he goes to announce to the former the doom which has fallen on his possessions and the approach of the sequestering commissioners. After some parley, the following may serve to shew these personages in their own colours:—

"What the devil do you seek here?" said the old knight, fiercely.—"The welcome due to the steward of the Lords Commissioners," answered the soldier.—"Welcome art thou as salt would be to sore-eyes," said the cavalier: "but who be your Commissioners, man?" The soldier with little courtesy held out a scroll, which Sir Henry took from him betwixt his finger and thumb, as if it were a letter from a pest-house; and held it at as much distance from his eyes as his purpose of reading it would permit. He then read aloud, and as he named the parties one by one, he added a short commentary on each name, addressed, indeed, to Alice, but in such a tone that shewed he cared not for its being heard by the soldier. "Desborough—the ploughman Desborough—as grovelling a clown as is in England—a fellow that would be best at home, like an ancient Scythian, under the tilt of a waggon:—d—m him. Harrison—a bloody-minded, ranting enthusiast, who read the Bible to such purpose, that he never lacked a text to justify a murder:—d—m him too. Bletson—a true-blue commonwealth's man, one of Harrison's Rota Club, with his noddle full of new-fangled notions about government, the

clearest object of which is to establish the tail upon the head; a fellow who leaves you the statutes and laws of old England, to prate of Rome and Greece—sees the Areopagus in Westminster-Hall, and takes old Noll for a Roman consul—Adad, he is like to prove a dictator amongst them instead. Never mind; d—m Bletson too." "Friend," said the soldier, "I would willingly be civil; but it consists not with my duty to hear these godly men, in whose service I am, spoken of after this irreverent and unbecoming fashion. And albeit I know that you malignants think you have a right to make free with that damnation which you seem to use as your own portion; yet it is superfluous to invoke it against others, who have better hopes in their thoughts, and better words in their mouths."—"Thou art but a canting varlet," replied the knight; "and yet thou art right in some sense—for it is superfluous to curse men who are already damned as black as the smoke of hell itself."—"I prithee forbear," continued the soldier, "for manners' sake, if not for conscience—grisy oaths suit ill with gray beards."—"Nay, that is truth, if the devil spoke it," said the knight; "and I thank Heaven I can follow good counsel, though old Nick gives it. And so, friend, touching these same Commissioners, bear them this message: that Sir Henry Lee is keeper of Woodstock Park, with right of walf and stray, vert and venison, as complete as any of them have to their estate—that is, if they possess any estate but what they have gained by plundering honest men. Nevertheless, he will give place to those who have made their night their right, and will not expose the lives of good and true men, where the odds are so much against them. And he protests that he makes this surrender, neither as acknowledging of these so termed Commissioners, nor as for his own individual part fearing their force, but purely to avoid the loss of English blood, of which so much hath been spilt in these late times."—"It is well spoken," said the steward of the Commissioners; "and therefore, I pray you, let us walk together into the house, that thou mayest deliver up unto me the vessels, and gold and silver ornaments, belonging unto the Egyptian Pharaoh, who committed them to thy keeping."—"What vessels?" exclaimed the fiery old knight; "and belonging to whom? Unbaptized dog! speak civil of the Martyr in my presence, or I will do a deed misbecoming of me on that catiff corpse of thine." And shaking his daughter from his right arm, the old man laid his hand on his rapier."

A tussle ensues, but the old man is disarmed by the stout and skilful veteran; who, though not without some danger of another broil with Jocelin Joliffe, takes up his quarters at the Lodge. Colonel Everard now appears, and endeavours to induce his uncle to be less stubborn, and to compromise a little with the victorious faction, in order to save some wreck of his property: the colonel, though a Puritan, we observe, swears occasionally; and, indeed, so do most of the characters, whether cavaliers

* When we note also, that in the *Minstrelsy* and the *Abbot* the time of Queen Mary is represented, and in *Waverley* and *Rosalind* we have the last of the Jacobite struggles in 1746,—we may observe how much the vicissitudes of the Stuart race have occupied the attention of the author—nine of his works are given to them.

or saints. Sir Henry at first indignantly rejects his nephew's persuasions; but in the end, for goodly reasons, complies, and returns to his Lodge from a hut where he had previously taken shelter for two or three nights. These nights his residence is in the hands of the Commissioners, but they endure a horrid time of it, in consequence of dreadful supernatural appearances, ghosts, apparitions, and demons, who play them a thousand abusive pranks. Nearly ousted by such alarms, they are completely removed by Everard, who obtains the Lord General Cromwell's order to that effect:—the wily politician having his own objects in view, first to oblige the popular family of the solicitor, and still more, to lay a trap for the royal fugitive Charles, should he, as is probable, seek concealment at Woodstock. Wildrake is Everard's ambassador on this business; and, as his interview with Cromwell at Windsor furnishes a bold sketch of that ambitious man, we shall extract as much of it as our convenience admits.

"The corporal made his appearance, distinguished above those of his command by a double quantity of band round his neck, a double height of steeple-crowned hat, a larger allowance of cloak, and a treble proportion of sour gravity of aspect. It might be read on his countenance, that he was one of those tremendous enthusiasts to whom Oliver owed his conquests, whose religious zeal made them even more than a match for the high-spirited and high-born cavaliers, who exhausted their valour in vain in defence of their sovereign's person and crown. He looked with grave solemnity at Wildrake, as if he was making in his own mind an inventory of his features and dress; and having fully perused them, he required 'to know his business?'—'My business,' said Wildrake, as firmly as he could—for the close investigation of this man had given him some unpleasant nervous sensations—'my business is with your general.'—'With his excellency the lord general, thou wouldst say,' replied the corporal; 'thy speech, my friend, savours too little of the reverence due to his excellency.'—'D—n his excellency!' was at the lips of the cavalier; but prudence kept guard, and permitted not the offensive words to escape the barrier. He only bowed, and was silent.—'Follow me,' said the starched figure whom he addressed; and Wildrake followed him accordingly into the guard-house, which exhibited an interior characteristic of the times, and very different from what such military stations present at the present day. By the fire sat two or three musketeers, listening to one who was expounding some religious mystery to them. He began half beneath his breath, but in tones of great volubility, which tones, as he approached the conclusion, became sharp and eager, as challenging either instant answer or silent acquiescence. The audience seemed to listen to the speaker with immovable features, only answering him with clouds of tobacco-smoke, which they rolled from under their thick mustachios. On a bench lay a soldier on his face; whether asleep, or in a fit of contemplation, it was impossible to decide. In the midst of the floor stood an officer, as he seemed by his embroidered shoulder-belt and scarf round his waist, otherwise very plainly attired, who was engaged in drilling a stout bumpkin, lately enlisted, to the manual, as it was then used. The motions and words of command were twenty at the very least; and until they were regularly brought to an end, the corporal did not permit Wildrake either to sit down, or move forward beyond

the threshold of the guard-house. So he had to listen in succession to—'Poize your musket—Rest your musket—Cock your musket—Handle your primers—and many other forgotten words of discipline; until at length the words 'Order your musket,' ended the drill for the time.—'Thy name, friend?' said the officer to the recruit when the lesson was over.—'Ephraim,' answered the fellow, with an affected twang through the nose.—'And what besides Ephraim?'—'Ephraim Cobb, from the godly city of Gloucester, where I have dwelt for seven years, serving apprentice to a praise-worthy cordwainer.'—'It is a goodly craft,' answered the officer; 'but casting in thy lot with ours, doubt not that thou shalt be set beyond thine awl, and thy last to boot.' A grim smile of the speaker accompanied this poor attempt at a pun; and then turning round to the corporal, who stood two paces off, with the face of one who seemed desirous of speaking, said, 'How now, corporal, what tidings?'—'Here is one with a packet, and please your excellency,' said the corporal; 'surely my spirit does not rejoice in him, seeing I esteem him as a wolf in sheep's clothing.'—By these words, Wildrake learned that he was in the actual presence of the remarkable person to whom he was commissioned; and he paused to consider in what manner he ought to address him. The figure of Oliver Cromwell was, as is generally known, in no way prepossessing. He was of middle stature, strong and coarsely made, with harsh and severe features, indicative, however, of much natural sagacity and depth of thought. His eyes were gray and piercing; his nose too large in proportion to his other features. His manner of speaking, when he had the purpose to make himself distinctly understood, was energetic and forcible, though neither graceful nor eloquent. No man could on such occasion put his meaning into fewer and more decisive words. But when, as it often happened, he had a mind to play the orator, for the benefit of people's ears, without enlightening their understanding, Cromwell was wont to invest his meaning, or that which seemed to be his meaning, in such a mist of words, surrounding it with so many exclusions and exceptions, and fortifying it with such a labyrinth of parentheses,—that, though one of the most shrewd men in England, he was, perhaps, the most unintelligible speaker that ever perplexed an audience."

Cromwell retires to read the packet from Everard; after which Wildrake is again introduced to him "in a small cabinet or parlour, in which was much rich furniture, some bearing the royal cipher displayed, but all confused and disarranged; together with several paintings in massive frames, having their faces turned towards the wall, as if they had been taken down for the purpose of being removed. In this scene of disorder, the victorious general of the Commonwealth was seated in a large easy chair, covered with damask, and deeply embroidered, the splendour of which made a strong contrast with the plain and even homely character of his apparel; although in look and action he seemed like one who felt that the seat which might have in former days held a prince, was not too much distinguished for his own fortunes and ambition. Wildrake stood before him, nor did he ask him to sit down."

Cromwell's roundabout speeches to him, illustrating his talent for ambiguity, when he did not wish to be understood, are too long for our sheet; and we must dismiss them, to point at his meaning, which forwards the tale.

"'Thou seest,' he said, 'my friend, how things stand with me. The parliament, I care not who knows it, love me not; still less do the council of state, by whom they manage the executive government of the kingdom. I cannot tell why they nourish suspicion against me, unless it is because I will not deliver this poor innocent army, which has followed me in so many military actions, to be now pulled asunder, broken piece-meal, and reduced, so that they who have protected the state at the expense of their blood, will not have, perchance, the means of feeding themselves by their labour; which, methinks, were hard measure, since it is taking from Esau his birth-right even without giving him a poor mess of pottage.'—'Esau is likely to help himself, I think,' replied Wildrake.—'Truly, thou say'st wisely,' replied the general; 'it is ill starving an armed man, if there is food to be had for taking; nevertheless, far be it from me to encourage rebellion, or want of due subordination to these our rulers. I would only petition, in a due and becoming, a sweet and harmonious manner, that they would listen to our conditions, and consider our necessities. But, sir, looking on me, and esteeming me so little as they do, you must think that it would be a provocation in me towards the council of state, as well as the parliament, if, simply to gratify your worthy master, I were to act contrary to their purposes, or deny currency to the commission under their authority, which is as yet the highest in the state—and long may it be so for me!—to carry on the sequestration which they intend. And would it not also be said, that I was lending myself to the malignant interest, affording this den of the blood-thirsty and lascivious tyrants of yore, to be in this our day a place of refuge to that old and inveterate Amalekite Sir Henry Lee, to keep possession of the place in which he hath so long glorified himself? Truly, it would be a perilous matter.'—'Am I then to report,' said Wildrake, 'an if it please you, that you cannot stand Colonel Everard in this matter?'—'Unconditionally, ay—but, taken conditionally, the answer may be otherwise,' answered Cromwell. 'I see thou art not able to fathom my purpose, and therefore I will partly unfold it to thee. But take notice, that should thy tongue betray my council, save in so far as carrying it to thy master, by all the blood which has been shed in these wild times, thou shalt die a thousand deaths in one!'"

He then proceeds to give his "conditional warrant," the *cui bono* being, that if the "young man" Charles Stuart escape to Woodstock, he shall be betrayed to him:—

"'Tell your master (he adds in the end) what I said, but not how I said it.—Fie, that I should have been betrayed into the distemperature of passion!—Begone, sirrah. Pearson shall bring thee sealed orders.—Yet, stay,—thou hast something to ask.'—'I would know,' said Wildrake, to whom the visible anxiety of the general gave some confidence, 'what is the figure of this young gallant, in case I should find him?'—'A tall, raw-boned, swarthy lad, they say he has shot up into. Here's his picture by a good hand, some time since.' He turned round one of the portraits which stood with its face against the wall; but it proved not to be that of Charles the Second; but of his unhappy father. The first motion of Cromwell indicated a purpose of hastily replacing the picture, and it seemed as if an effort was necessary to repress his inclination to look upon it. But he did repress it, and, placing the picture against the wall, withdrew slowly and sternly, as if, in defiance

of his own feeling, he was determined to gain a place from which to see it to advantage. It was well for Wildrake that his dangerous companion had not turned an eye on him, for his blood also kindled when he saw the portrait of his master in the hands of the chief author of his death. Being a fierce and desperate man, he commanded his passion with great difficulty; and if, on its first violence, he had been provided with a suitable weapon, it is possible Cromwell would never have ascended higher in his bold ascent towards supreme power. But this natural and sudden flash of indignation, which rushed through the veins of an ordinary man like Wildrake, was presently subdued, when confronted with the strong yet stifled emotion displayed by so powerful a character as Cromwell. As the cavalier looked on his dark and bold countenance, agitated by inward and indescribable feelings, he found his own violence of spirit die away and lose itself in fear and wonder. So true it is, that as greater lights swallow up and extinguish the display of those which are less, so men of great, capacious, and over-riding minds, bear aside and subdue, in their climax of passion, the more feeble wills and passions of others: as, when a river joins a brook, the fiercer torrent shoulders aside the smaller stream. Wildrake stood a silent, inactive, and almost a terrified spectator; while Cromwell, assuming a firm sternness of eye and manner, as one who compels himself to look on what some strong internal feeling renders painful and disgusting to him, proceeded, in brief and interrupted expressions, but yet with a firm voice, to comment on the portrait of the late king. His words seemed less addressed to Wildrake than to be the spontaneous unburthening of his own bosom, swelling under recollection of the past, and anticipation of the future. 'That Flemish painter,' he said, 'that Antonio Vandyke—what a power he has! Steel may mutilate, warriors may waste and destroy—still the king stands uninjured by time; and our grandchildren, while they read his history, may look on his image, and compare the melancholy features with the comely one.—It was a stern necessity—it was an awful deed! The calm pride of that eye might have ruled worlds of crouching Frenchmen, or supple Italians, or formal Spaniards; but its glances only roused the native courage of the stern Englishman.—Lay not on poor sinful man, whose breath is in his nostrils, the blame that he falls, when Heaven never gave him strength of nerves to stand! The weak rider is thrown by his unruly horse, and trampled to death,—the strongest man, the best cavalier, springs to the empty saddle, and uses bit and spur till the fiery horse knows its master. Who blames him, who, mounted aloft, rides triumphantly amongst the people, for having succeeded, where the unskilful and feeble fell and died? Verily, he hath his reward. Then, what is that piece of painted canvas to me more than others? No: let him show to others the reproaches of that cold, calm face,—that proud yet complaining eye. Those who have acted on higher respects have no cause to start at painted shadows. Not wealth nor power brought me from my obscurity. The oppressed consciences, the injured liberties of England were the banner that I followed.'—He raised his voice so high, as if pleading in his own defence before some tribunal, that Pearson, the officer in attendance, looked into the apartment; and observing his master, with his eyes kindling, his arm extended, his foot advanced, and his voice raised, like a general in the act of commanding the advance of his army, he instantly withdrew.

'It was other than selfish regards that drew me forth to action,' continued Cromwell, 'and I dare the world—ay, living or dead I challenge—to assert that I armed for a private cause, or as a means of enlarging my fortunes. Neither was there a trooper in the regiment who came there with less of evil will to yonder unhappy—'—At this moment the apartment opened, and a gentleman entered, who, from her resemblance to the general, although her features were soft and feminine, might be immediately recognised as his daughter. She walked up to Cromwell, gently but firmly passed her arm through his, and said to him in a persuasive tone, 'Father, this is not well—you have promised me this should not happen.'—The general hung down his head, like one who was either ashamed of the passion to which he had given way, or of the influence which was exercised over him. He yielded, however, to the affectionate impulse, and left the apartment, without again turning his head towards the portrait which had so much affected him."

This quotation, while it exhibits the power, also shows the regardlessness, of the writer to the propriety, we will not say graces, of diction. A river *shouldering* a brook, is a strange phrase; and the whole, though among the finest passages of the work, cannot be esteemed so perfect as, with a little pains, it might readily have been made.

We cannot enter upon the freaks by which the commissioners, Holdenough, and even Everard, are perturbed during their stay in Woodstock Lodge;—the devices are whimsical enough, and the explication in the *dénouement* tolerably sufficient, as in Mrs. Radcliffe's romances; and though they have an influence upon the catastrophe, *certes* these witch and ghost parts *egress a quantum sufficit* of the tale,* considered historically. In verity, the

* The device to frighten Harrison, and its effects, seem a little extravagant. Desborough's being turned upside down in bed is rank caricature, and Bletson's tremors are rather *caricatured*: the description of Holdenough's terrors is, on the contrary, an admirable episode.—Kindly and respectfully the second new press Master Holdenough to communicate the events that had befallen him on the preceding night; and the good clergyman proceeded as follows, with that little characteristic touch of vanity in his narrative, which naturally arose out of the part he had played in the world, and the influence which he had exercised over the minds of others. 'I was a young man at the University of Cambridge,' he said, 'when I was particularly bound in friendship to a fellow-student, perhaps because we were esteemed (though it is vain to mention it) the most hopeful scholars at our college; and so equally advanced, that it was difficult, perhaps, to say which was the greater proficient in his studies. Only our tutor, Master Purefoy, used to say, that if my comrade had the advantage of me in gifts, I had the better of him in grace: for he was attached to the profane learning of the classics, always unprofitable, often impious and impure; and I had light enough to turn my studies unto the sacred tongues. Also, we differed in our opinions touching the Church of England, for he held Arminian opinions, with Laud, and those who would connect our ecclesiastical establishment with the civil, and make the church dependent on the breath of an earthly man. In fine, he favoured prelate both in essentials and ceremonial; and although we parted with tears and embraces, it was to follow very different courses. He obtained a living, and became a great controversial writer in behalf of the bishops and of the court. I also, as is well known to you, to the best of my poor abilities, sharpened my pen in the cause of the poor oppressed people, whose tender consciences repudiated the rites and ceremonies more befitting a papistical than a reformed church, and which, according to the blinded policy of the court, were enforced by pains and penalties. Then came the civil war, and I—called thenceforth by my conscience, and nothing fearing or suspecting what miserable consequences have chanced, through the rise of the Independents—consented to lend my countenance and labour to the great work, by becoming chaplain to Colonel Harrison's regiment. Not that I mingled with carnal weapons in the field—which Heaven defend that a minister of the altar should—but I preached, exhorted, and, in time of need, was a surgeon, as well to the wounds of the body as of the soul. Now, it fell towards the end of the war, that a party of malignants had seized on a strong house in the shape of a brewery, situated on a small island, advanced into a lake, and accessible only by a small and narrow causeway. From

far better portion begins after Charles and his companion, Albert Lee, are brought in as re-

thence they made excursions, and vexed the country; and high time it was to suppress them, so that a part of our regiment went to reduce them; and I was requested to go, for they were few in number to take in so strong a place, and the colonel judged that my exhortations would make them do valiantly. And so, contrary to my wont, I went forth with them, even to the field, where there was valiant fighting on both sides. Nevertheless, the malignants, shooting their wall-pieces at us, had so much the advantage, that, after bursting their gates with a salvo of our cannon, Colonel Harrison ordered his men to advance on the causeway, and try to carry the place by storm. Nathless, although our men did valiantly, advancing in good order, yet, being galled on every side by the fire, they at length fell into disorder, and were retreating with much loss: Harrison himself valiantly bringing up the rear, and defending them as he could against the enemy, who sallied forth in pursuit of them, to smite them up and thigh. Now, Colonel Everard, I am a man of a quick and vehement temper by nature, though better teaching than the old law hath made me mild and patient as you now are. I could not bear to see our Israelites flying before the Philistines, so I rushed upon the causeway, with the Bible in one hand, and a halberd which I had caught up in the other, and turned back the foremost fugitives, by threatening to strike them down; pointing out to them at the same time a priest in his cassock, as they call it, who was among the malignants, and asking them whether they would not do as much for a true servant of Heaven, as the uncircumcised would for a priest of Baal. My words and strokes prevailed: they turned at once, and shouting out, 'Down with Baal and his worshippers!' they charged the malignants so unexpectedly home, that they not only drove them back into their house of garrison, but entered it, and set them, as the phrase is, pell-mell. I saw them, partly hurried on by the crowd, partly to prevail on our enraged soldiers to give quarter: for it grieved my heart to see Christians and Englishmen hashed down with swords and gun-stocks, like curs in the street, when there is an alarm of mad-dogs. In this way, the soldiers fighting and slaughtering, and I calling to them to stay their hand, we raised the very roof of the building, which was in part leaded, and which, as to a last tower of refuge, those of the cavaliers who yet escaped had retired. I was myself, I may say, forced up the narrow winding staircase by our soldiers, who rushed on like dogs of chase upon their prey; and when extricated from the passage, I found myself in the midst of a horrid scene. The scattered defenders were—some resisting with the fury of despair, some on their knees—imploping for compassion in words and tones to break a man's heart when he thinks on them: some were calling on God for mercy; and it was time—for man had none. They were stricken down, thrust through, flung from the battlements into the lake; and the wild cries of the victors, mingled with the groans, shrieks, and clamours of the vanquished, made a sound so horrible, that only death can erase it from my memory. And the men who butchered their fellow-creatures thus, were neither Pagans, from distant savage lands, nor rustics, the refuse and off-scourings of our own people. They were in calm blood reasonable, nay, religious men, maintaining a fair repute, both heavenly and earthly. Oh, Master Everard, your trade of war should be feared and avoided; since it converts such men into wolves towards their fellow-creatures.—'It is a stern necessity,' said I, 'when the refuse of our kind is thus, I such a doom is justifiable.—But proceed, reverend sir: I see not how this storm, an inclement but so frequent on both sides during the late war, connects with the affair of last night.'—'You shall hear anon,' said Mr. Holdenough; then paused as one who makes an effort to compose himself before continuing a relation, the tenor of which agitated him with much violence. 'In this infernal tumult,' he resumed, 'for surely nothing on earth could so much resemble hell, as when men go thus loose in mortal malice on their fellow-creatures—I saw, the same priest whom I had distinguished on the causeway, with one or two other malignants, pressed into a corner by the assailants, and defending themselves to the last, as those who had no hope. I saw him—I knew him—Oh, Colonel Everard.' He grasped Everard's hand with his own left hand, and pressed the palm of his right to his face and forehead, sobbing aloud.—'It was your college companion?' said Everard, anticipating the catastrophe.—'Mine ancient—mine only friend—with whom I had spent the happy days of youth! I rushed forward—I struggled—I entreated. But my eagerness left me neither voice nor language: all was drowned in the wretched cry which I had myself raised—Down with the priest of Baal—Slay Mattan—slay him who was he between the altar and the altar—Forced over the battlements, but struggling for life, I could see him cling to one of those projections which were formed to carry the water from the leads—but they hacked at his arms and hands—I heard the heavy fall into the bottomless abyss below.—Excuse me—I cannot go on.—He may have escaped.'—'Oh! no, no, no—the tower was four stories in height. Even those who threw themselves into the lake from the lower windows, to escape by swimming, had no safety: for mounted troopers on the shore caught the same blood-thirsty humour which had seized the storming party, galloped around the margin of the lake, and shot those who were struggling for life in the water, or cut them down as they strove to get to land. They were all cut off and destroyed.—Oh! may the earth shroud that day remain silent!—Oh! that the earth may receive it in her recesses.—Oh! that it may be mingled for ever with the dark waters of that lake, so that it may

gees at Woodstock. Charles had already terrified Alice, in the disguise of an old woman, at Rosamond's Well, and by climbing to look into the window, when he tumbled down and was roughly used by Bevis; when the following is related:—

"The under-keeper entered, and received orders to get supper prepared directly.—'My son and Dr. Rochecliffe are half starving,' said the knight.—'And there is a lad, too, below,' said Joceline; 'a page, he says, of Colonel Albert's, whose belly rings euphoard too, and that to no common tune; for I think he could eat a horse, as the Yorkshireman says, behind the saddle. He had better eat at the side-board; for he has devoured a whole loaf of bread and butter, as fast as Phœbe could cut it, and it has not staid his stomach for a minute; and truly I think you had better keep him under your own eyes, for the steward beneath might ask him troublesome questions if he went below; and then he is impatient, as all your gentlemen pages are, and is saucy among the women.'—'Whom is it he talks of?—what page hast thou got, Albert, that bears himself so ill?' said Sir Henry.—'The son of a dear friend, a noble lord of Scotland, who followed the great Montrose's banner—afterwards joined the king in Scotland, and came with him as far as Worster. He was wounded the day before the battle, and conjured me to take this youth under my charge, which I did, something unwillingly; but I could not refuse a father, perhaps on his death-bed, pleading for the safety of an only son.'—'Thou hadst deserved an halter, hadst thou hesitated,' said Sir Henry; 'the smallest tree can always give some shelter,—and it pleases me to think the old stock of Leo is not so totally prostrate, but it may yet be a refuge for the distressed. Fetch the youth in;—he is of noble blood, and these are no times of ceremony—he shall sit with us at the same table, page though he be; and if you have not schooled him handsomely in his manners, he may not be the worse of some lessons from me.'—'You will excuse his national drawing accent, sir,' said Albert, 'though I know you like it not.'—'I have small cause, Albert,

never cry for vengeance against those whose anger was fierce, and who slaughtered in their wrath!—And, oh! may the errand man be forgiven who came into their assembly, and lent his voice to encourage their cruelty.—'Oh! Albany, my brother, my brother—I have lamented for thee even as David for Jonathan!—The good man sobbed aloud, and so much did Colonel Everard sympathise with his emotions, that he forbore to press him upon the subject of his own curiety, until the full tide of remorseful passion had for the time abated. It was, however, fierce and agitating, the more so, perhaps, that indulgence in strong mental feeling of any kind was foreign to the severe and æsthetic character of the man, and was therefore the more overpowering when it had at once surmounted all restraints. Large tears flowed down the troubling features of his thin, and usually stern, or at least austere countenance; he eagerly returned the compression of Everard's hand, as if thankful for the sympathy which the carm implied. Presently after, Master Holdensough wiped his eyes, withdrew his hand gently from that of Everard, shaking it kindly as they parted, and proceeded with more composure: 'Forgive me this burst of passionate feeling, worthy colonel. I am conscious it little becomes a man of my cloth, who should be the bearer of consolation to others, to give way in mine own person to an extremity of grief, weak at least, if indeed it is not sinful; for what are we, that we should weep and murmur touching that which is permitted? But Albany was to me as a brother. The happiest days of my life, ere my call to mingle myself in the strife of the land had awakened me to my duties, were spent in his company. I—but I will make the rest of my story short. Here he drew his chair close to that of Everard, and spoke in a solemn and mysterious tone of voice, almost lowered to a whisper.—'I saw him last night.—'Saw him—saw whom?' said Everard. 'Can you mean the person whom?'—'Whom I saw so ruthlessly slaughtered,' said the clergyman: 'my ancient college friend—Joseph Albany.'—'He further relates the particulars in the same tone; but the picture of civil war is most remarkable.

answered the knight—'small cause. Who stirred up these disunions?—the Scots. Who strengthened the hands of parliament, when their cause was well nigh ruined?—the Scots again. Who delivered up the king, their countryman, who had flung himself upon their protection?—the Scots again. But this lad's father, you say, has fought on the part of the noble Montrose; and such a man as the great marquis may make amends for the degeneracy of a whole nation.'—'Nay, father,' said Albert, 'and I must add, that though this lad is uncouth and wayward, and, as you will see, something wilful, yet the king has not a more zealous friend in England; and, when occasion offered, he fought stoutly, too, in his defence.—'I marvel he comes not.'—'He hath taken the bath,' said Joceline, 'and nothing less would serve than that he should have it immediately; the supper, he said, might be got ready in the meantime; and he commands all about him as if he were in his father's old castle, where he might have called long enough, I warrant, without any one to hear him.'—'Indeed?' said Sir Henry, 'this must be a forward chick of the game, to crow so early. What is his name?'—'His name?—it escapes me every hour, it is so hard a one,' said Albert; 'Kerneguy is his name—Louis Kerneguy; his father was Lord Killstewers, of Kincardineshire.'—'Kerneguy, and Killstewers, and Kin—what d'ye call it?—Truly,' said the knight, 'these northern men's names and titles smack of their origin—they sound like a north-west wind, rumbling and roaring among heather and rocks.'—'It is but the asperities of the Celtic and Saxon dialects,' said Dr. Rochecliffe, 'which, according to Verstegan, still linger in those northern parts of the island. But peace—here comes supper, and Master Louis Kerneguy.'—Supper entered accordingly, borne in by Joceline and Phœbe, and after it, leaning on a huge knotty stick, and having his nose in the air like a questing hound,—for his attention was apparently more fixed on the good provisions that went before him, than any thing else,—came Master Kerneguy, and seated himself, without much ceremony, at the lower end of the table. He was a tall, raw-boned lad, with a shock head of hair, fiery red, like many of his country, while the harshness of his national features was increased by the contrast of his complexion, turned almost black by the exposure to all sorts of weather, which, in that skulking and rambling mode of life, the fugitive royalists had been obliged to encounter. His address was by no means prepossessing, being a mixture of awkwardness and forwardness, and shewing, in a remarkable degree, how a want of easy address may be consistent with an admirable stock of assurance. His face intimated having received some recent scratches, and the care of Dr. Rochecliffe had decorated it with a number of patches, which even enhanced its natural plainness. Yet the eyes were brilliant and expressive, and, amid his ugliness—for it amounted to that degree of irregularity—the face was not deficient in some lines which expressed both sagacity and resolution. The dress of Albert himself was far beneath his quality, as the son of Sir Henry Lee, and commander of a regiment in the royal service; but that of his page was still more dilapidated. A disastrous green jerkin, which had been changed to a hundred hues by sun and rain, so that the original could scarce be discovered, huge clontery shoes, leathern breeches—such as were worn by hedgers—coarse gray worsted stockings, were the attire of the honourable

youth, whose limping gait, while it added to the ungainliness of his manner, shewed, at the same time, the extent of his sufferings. His appearance bordered so much upon what is vulgarly called the queer, that even with Alice it would have excited some sense of ridicule, had not compassion been predominant."

This reminds us strongly of *Boscobel*, and the plain narrative of the loyal Penderels. In that curious tract it is stated:—

"His Majesties attire, as was before observed in part, was then a leather doublet, a pair of green breeches, and a jump-coat (as the country calls it) of the same green; a pair of his own stockens with the tops cut off, because embroidered, and a pair of stirrop stockens, which were lent him at Madely; a pair of old shoes, cut and slash'd to give ease to his feet; an old grey, greasy hat, without a lyming; a noggen shirt, of the coarsest linnen; his face and hands made of a reechy complexion, by the help of the walnut-tree leaves."

To this little volume, indeed, the author has been much indebted. His Albert Lee is Colonel Carlis, with some traits and colouring from Wilmot (Rochester) and other loyalists who aided their king in this extremity; and his majesty's lameness in the novel is perfectly consistent with the real fact, since we remember that he was mounted on Penderel, the miller's horse,* because he was so foot-loudered from over-fatigue, that he could not walk five miles.—But we return to *Woodstock*—the Review of which shall be concluded in our next Number.

The Martyr: a Drama, in Three Acts. By Joanna Bailie. 8vo. pp. 78. London, 1836. Longman and Co.

A PREFACE expounds the purpose of the author in this sacred drama, and defines her ideas on the characteristics of the early Christian martyrs, whom she considers to have been inspired by a more pure and fervent faith than ever warmed the human bosom under any other circumstances or influence. To depict this amaranthine feeling, she has produced the fine composition now given to the public,—a composition which will not discredit her name. There is in the prelude, also, a sort of explanation about the title, and a statement to shew that she had written the work before Mr. Milman's *Martyr of Antioch* appeared, and was not, therefore, a plagiarist from that poet; upon which, all we need observe is, that such a disavowal was altogether unnecessary from Joanna Bailie. Indeed there is a littleness in the matter, as there is in the author of Woodstock's taking pains to declare that he had not read Mr. Horace Smith's *Brambleye House* before he published his tale; as if—and we mean no disparagement either to Mr. Milman or to Mr. Smith—it could be requisite for the authors of the Plays to illustrate the Passions and of the Waverley Novels to free themselves from the suspicion of stealing from a play and a novel which have so recently run through the career of popularity! We like sincerity and plain dealing too well to admire such artificial delusions: but to the drama.

The story is beautifully simple. The period belongs to the persecutions under Nero. Cordelius Maro, a distinguished officer of the imperial guard, witnesses the martyrdom of some

* It was of this the pleasant anecdote was told. "After some experience had of the horse, his Majesty complained, 'It was the heaviest dull jade he ever rode on;' to which Humphry (the owner of him) answer'd, (beyond the usual notion of a miller,) 'My Liege! can you blame the horse to goe heavily, when he has the weight of three kingdoms on his back?'"

Christians, and, being struck with their constancy in suffering, seeks for information as to its origin, and becomes a true convert. Meanwhile Sulpicius, a rich and noble senator, is informed by Orceus, a Parthian prince visiting Rome, and a friend to Cordenius, that the latter loves his (Sulpicius's) only daughter Portia, whom he resolves to bestow upon the gallant soldier. But Cordenius embraces the cross; he appears before Nero, avows his creed, refuses every, the slightest, concealment or concession, even though his beloved Portia is to be his earthly reward, and is condemned to be torn to pieces by a lion; from which ignominious fate he is saved by Orceus killing him with an arrow in the amphitheatre.

Such is the plot, if plot it may be termed; and the conduct of the fable and language are in a like fashion of simplicity. The chief poetical ornament is to be found in a number of similes, some of them displaying a rich imagination. We will quote a few passages. Orceus's description of Cordenius, though rather warm of man by man, is striking.

"Orceus. Methinks I see him now!
A face with blushes mantling to the brow,
Eyes with bright tears surcharged, and parted lips
Quivering to utter joy which hath no words.
"Sulpicius. His face, indeed, as I have heard thee say,
Is like a wave which sun and shadow cross;
Each thought makes there its momentary mark.
"Orce. And then his towering form and vaulting step,
As thunder gives way to exultation!
O it had been a feast to look upon him;
And still shall be.
He is, to honest right, as simply true
As shepherd child on desert pasture bred,
Where falsehood and deceit had never been;
And to maintain them, ardent, skilful, potent,
As the shrewd leader of unruly tribes,
A simple heart and subtle spirit join'd."

Where we intend making so few selections—the whole drama being of no great length—we shall follow the course of the pages, rather than study arrangement in our specimens.—When the Christians are led forth to execution, the following dialogue occurs between two women of the proscribed religion:—

"1st Woman. Hast thou heard any thing?
"2d Woman. Nought, save the murmur of the multitude,
Sinking at times to deep and awful silence,
From which again a sudden burst will rise
The mingled exclamations, as of horror
Or admiration. In these neighbouring streets
I have not met a single citizen,
The town appearing uninhabited.
But wherefore art thou here? Thou should'st have stay'd
With the unhappy mother of poor Celsus.
"1st Woman. She sent me hither in her agony
Of fear and fearful hope.
"2d Woman. Ha! does she hope deliverance from death?
"1st Woman. O no! thou wrong'st her, friend; it is not
that:
Deliverance is her fear, and death her hope."

Celsus rivals the most firm of his fellow-sufferers:—

"His soft downy cheek and slender form
Made them conceive they might subdue his firmness,
Therefore he was reserved (ill) noble Varus
And his compeers had in the flames expired.
Then did they court and tempt him with fair promise
Of all that earthly pleasure or ambition
Can offer, to deny his holy faith;
But he, who seem'd before so meek and timid,
Now suddenly embued with holy grace,
Like the transition of some watery cloud
In passing o'er the moon's refulgent disk,
Glow'd with new life; and from his fervid tongue
Words of most firm indignant constancy
Pour'd eloquently forth; then to the pile
Sprang lightly up, like an undaunted warrior
Scaling the breach of honour; or, alas!
As I have seen him, midst his boyish mates,
Vaulting aloft for very love of motion."

"1st Woman. And praised be God who makes the weakest strong!
Till to his mother with the blessed tidings."

Cordenius's soliloquy on this event, and the result, may be given as one of the fittest illustrations of the spirit and fervour of the drama.

"Cord. There is some power in this, or good, or ill,
Surpassing nature. When the soul is roused

To desperate sacrifice, 'tis ardent passion,
Or high exalted virtue that excites it.
Can loathsome demony in dauntless bearing,
Outdo the motives of the lofty brave?
It cannot be! There is some power in this
Mocking all thought—incomprehensible.

[Remains for a moment silent and thoughtful,
while Sulpicius enters behind him unperceived.]

Delusion! I say, 'tis all the cheated sight
Will see unreal things; the cheated ear
List to sweet sounds that are not; even the reason
Maintain conclusions wild and inconsistent.
We hear of this—the weak may be deluded;
But is the fearful, 'th enlighten'd, noble Varus
The victim of delusion?—Can it be?
I'll not believe it.

"Sul. (advancing to him). No, believe it not.

"Cord. (starting). Ha! one so near me!

I have seen thy face before; but where?—who art thou?

"Sul. Even that centurion of the Seventh Legion,
Who, with Cordenius Maro, at the siege
Of Fort Volundum, mounted first the breach,
And kept the chafing enemy in check.
Till our encouraged Romans followed us.

"Cord. My old companion then, the valiant Sylvius."

Sylvius carries him to the catacombs where
the Christians hold their secret meetings. He

says—

"A dismal place, I own, but heed not that:
For there thou'lt learn what, to thy ardent mind,
Will make this world but as a thorny pass
To regions of delight; man's natural life
With all its varied turmoil of ambition,
But as the training of a youthful child
To manly excellence; yea, death itself
But as a painful birth to life unending.
The world earnest has not to thee ears,
As yet, its awful, ample sense conveyed."

After listening to the expositors of the true
faith for two nights and a day, Cordenius de-
clares—

"I am, methinks, like one, who, with bent back
And downward gaze—if such a one might be—
Hath only known the boundless azure sky
By the strait circle of reflected beauty,
Seen in the watery gleam of some deep pit,
Till of a sudden rous'd, he stands erect,
And wondering looks aloft, and all around
On the bright sunny firmament—like one
(Granting again that such a one might be)
Who hath but seen the element of fire
On household hearth or woodman's smoky pile,
And looks at once, midst storming thunder-peals,
On Jove's magnificence of lightning.—Pardon,
I pray you pardon me! I mean his lightning
Who is the Jove of Jove, the great Jehovah.
"Father (laughing). Be not disturb'd, my son; the lips
will utter,
From lengthen'd habit, what the mind rejects.

"Cord. When but a boy, I've gazed upon the sky,
With all its sparks of light, as a grand cope
For the beauteous world. But now my fancy
Will greet each twinkling star, as the bright lamp
Of some fair angel on his guardian watch.
And think ye not, that from their lofty stations
Our future glorious home, our Father's house,
May lie within the vast and boundless ken
Of such seraphic powers?

"Father. Thy fancy soars on wide and buoyant wings;
Speak on, my son, I would not check thy ardour.

"Cord. This solid earth press'd beneath our feet,
But as a step from which to take our flight;
What boots it then, if rough or smooth it be.
Serving its end?—Come, noble Sylvius!
We've been companions in the broil of battle,
Now be we fellow-soldiers in that warfare
Which best becomes the brave.

"Sul. Cordenius Maro, we shall be companions
When this wide earth with all its fields of blood
Where war hath raged, and all its towers of strength
Which have begun'd been with iron hosts,
Are shrunk to nothing, and the flaming sun
Is in his course extinguish'd."

Cordenius is baptised, and signalises his con-
version by delivering from prison Ethocles, a
Grecian teacher of great value to the church,
for whose safe keeping he is answerable to
Nero with his own life. His only meeting
with Portia is susceptible of much poetical em-
bellishment; but the author has taken a severe
standard, and we have only a taste of the
graceful in the lovely girl's praises of the god-
dess Flora, on whose festival morning this in-
terview takes place. We insert the opening of
the scene, as a variety:—

"The Garden of Sulpicius.

"Enter Sulpicius and Portia, with flowers in her hand.

"Portia. Was it not well to rise with early morn
And pay my homage to sweet Flora? Never
Were flowers by mid-day call'd so fair, so fragrant,
With blinding streaky dints, so fresh and bright.

See! twinkling dew-drops lurk in every bell,
And on the fibred leaves stray far apart,
Like little rounded gems of silver sheen,
Whilst curling tendrils grasp with vigorous hold
The stem that bears them! All looks young and fresh;
The very spire through his circled cage
Of wily wood, amongst the buds suspended,
Scarcely seems a lothly thing, but like the small
Imprison'd bird of some capricious nymph.
Is it not so, my father?

"Sul. Yes, morn and youth and freshness sweetly join,
And are the emblems of dear changeable days.
By night those beautiful things—

"Port. And what of night?

Why do you check your words? You are not and?

"Sul. No, Portia; only angry with myself
For crossing the gay stream of youthful thoughts
With those of sullen age. Away with them!
What if those bright-leaved flowers, so soft and silken,
Are gathered into dank and wrinkled folds
When evening chills them, or upon the earth
With broken stems and buds torn and dispersed,
Lie prostrate, of fair form and fragrance left
When midnight winds pass o'er them; be it so!
All things but have their term.
In truth, my child, I am glad that I indulged thee
By coming forth at such an early hour
To pay thy worship to so sweet a goddess,
Upon her yearly feast.

"Port. I thank you, father! On her feast, 'tis said,
That she, from mortal eye conceal'd, vouchsafes
Her presence in such sweet and flowery spots:
And where due offerings on her shrine are laid,
Blesses all seeds and shoots, and things of promise.

"Sul. How many places in one little day
She needs must visit then!

"Port. But she moves swift as thought. The hasty
zephyr,
That stirred each slender leaf, now as we enter'd,
And made a sudden sound, by stillness follow'd,
Might be the rustling of her passing robe.

"Sul. A pleasing fancy, Portia, for the moment,
Yet wild as fancying.

"Port. Wherefore call it wild?

Full many a time I've listen'd when alone
In such fair spots as this, and thought I heard
Sweet mingled voices uttering varied tones
Of question and reply, pass on the wind,
And heard soft steps upon the ground; and then
The notion of bright Venus or Diana,
Or goddess-nymph, would come so vividly
Into my mind, that I am almost certain
Their radiant forms were near me, though conceal'd
By subtle drapery of the ambient air.
And oh, how I have longed to look upon them!
An ardent strange desire, though mix'd with fear.
Nay, do not smile, my father; such fair sights
Were seen—were often seen in ancient days;
The poets tell us so."

To this we must add her song:—

"The bdy in her early bow'er
Is blest as bee in morning flowers;
The lady's eye is flashing bright,
Like water in the morning light;
The lady's song is sweet and loud,
Like skylark o'er the morning cloud;
The lady's smiles are smiles that pass
Like Morning's breath o'er wavy grass.

"She thinks of one, whose harness'd car
In triumph comes from distant war;
She thinks of one, whose martial state
Will darken Rome's imperial gate;
She thinks of one, with laurel crown'd,
Who shall with sweeter wreaths be bound.
Voice, eye, and smiles in mingled play,
The lady's happy thoughts betray."

These endearments, however, have no charm
to stay Cordenius from his fixed resolve. He
goes before the emperor, avows Christianity,
and the catastrophe is confirmed by his most
unrelenting resolution not to shrink even a
hair-breadth from proclaiming his faith and
courting the martyr's crown. These parts are
ably sustained, but not of that order of poetry
to induce us to prolong our selections: suffice
it to say, that the sentiments are elevated, the
style excellent, and the inculcation of religious
principles very sincerely and energetically urged.

Were we to think of verbal criticisms, we
should notice our dislike to a class of words
which, though they cannot seriously injure a
drama from this lofty pen, would deform any
production from an inferior hand: to warn such
against the error, we mention, stillly, sweepy,
streaky, wiry (woof), woofy, wavy, lothly, &c.:
these savour of innovation upon the English
tongue. But *The Martyr*, as a whole, is a
performance which we can honestly praise, and
tell the world of it, that it is calculated both to
delight and improve the world.

Travels in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Hanover, Germany, Netherlands, &c. By W. Rae Wilson, Esq., F.S.A. 8vo. pp. 658. London, 1826. Longman and Co.

IN our publication of the 23d of November, 1822, (No. 396,) we were called upon to review a preceding volume of *Travels in Egypt and Palestine* by this author, of which we found it impossible to speak in terms of eulogy; and we regret to say that we cannot but consider his new effort to be a still more notorious abortion. Yet, since the period to which we have referred, we have seen the name of no traveller or writer, however eminent, so constantly bandied about in newspapers and other journals as that of Mr. Wilson, whose remarks upon the Holy Land seem to have been found apposite to every imaginable public subject, circumstance, or discussion, which has occupied attention since; and whose slightest movements appear to have been as anxiously kept in view as if the fate of Europe (especially of its northern states) was somehow or other involved in his peregrinations. This weak ambition of being always lugged into notice is a bad omen of a book-maker: men of real abilities despise it; and when sedulously employed as an expedient to lift inferior egotism into repute, it only serves to sink it lower, and make it contemptible as well as ludicrous.

We remember, and though but a very few years have elapsed we doubt much if many of our readers do remember, a tourist and publisher of the name of Sir John Carr, who used to ramble forth during some months in each year, for the purpose of collecting materials for a goodly quarto. Thus, in 1803, he gave us the *Stranger in France*;—1804, the *Northern Summer* (the very prototype of the present work);—1805, the *Stranger in Ireland*;—1806, in *Holland*;—1807, in *Scotland*;—and 1809, in *Spain*. The missing year, 1808, the travels were suspended, as the author was occupied with a memorable trial for a libel in Mr. Dubois's very clever exposure* of this wretched system of book-making; a satire that put an end to a trade of the meanest character and most despicable resources,—this single branch of which alone, however, had gulled the reading and enlightened public out of twelve pounds fifteen shillings, in six years, for six quartos not worth sixpence. With longer intervals between, the present writer seems to be pursuing a very similar course. He journeys abroad sheerly for the sake of producing a book of travels, and a sad affair he makes of it when he does issue his volume of lucubrations. A guinea's worth of greater lumber than this octavo, could hardly be expected even from a person who had fashioned himself on Carr's two-guinea quartos.

Entertaining so low an opinion of these Travels, it will not be expected that we should go very far at length into their details; and we are sorry that we must quote them at all in support of the judgment we have pronounced,—because, with all the silliness and nonsense which they exhibit, we cannot help fancying that the author is an extremely amiable and well-meaning individual, whose chief fault is that he imagines himself to possess the talents necessary for the production of any thing in the shape of literature. For, indeed, the rankiest trivialities tediously dwelt upon—the most circumstantial accounts of matters as familiar as the alphabet—long descriptions of places as well known as St. Paul's Cathedral to a dweller in Cheapside—endless scraps of Scripture and

of poetry introduced without point or applicability—mistakes and blunders without number—reflections upon sights and events of the profoundest no-meaning or the most mawkish absurdity—and a style confused, ungrammatical, and often expressing any thing but what is intended to be expressed,—are too prominent features in this composition. To say that we have had patience to peruse the whole, would be to claim the performance of a labour which the utmost consciousness of our responsibility, as fair and just Reviewers, has not enabled us to undergo: but we have, we believe, read more of it than many will read, and, we are satisfied, quite enough whence to shew cause why we have not plunged deeper.

An ill-written Dedication to the Duke of York is followed by a Preface absolutely execrating in construction to a common English scholar. The writer sets out by lauding the study of nations near us, as “forming a portion of the great European family connected with our own, either by rivalry or friendship.” In order to pursue this interesting study, he tells us, was his inducement to visit Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, as a portion of the Continent comparatively little known (!) to his countrymen; although there is much both in their natural scenery and in the character of their inhabitants to render them congenial to Englishmen.” What is meant by their being congenial to Englishmen, is more than we can explain; but in truth we discover here, as throughout these pages, that

“Your true no-meaning puzzles more than sense.”

The Preface continues:—

“I shall never regret having visited countries where I found so much to admire in almost every respect, and which is consolatory and gratifying to the philanthropist. *That man's patriotism* must be of a very questionable species who can behold, without sympathy, nations emulating our own in the domestic and humanizing virtues, in the mild and equitable spirit of their laws, in moral character, and in benevolent institutions. It is truly cheering to perceive that we have rivals in both public and private felicity, to whom we may cordially hold out the hand of brotherly affection. To know this, will but excite a generous emulation, and stimulate to greater exertion, on our part, in the cause of those virtues which enable nations far above wealth and political power. In the Swedish character, I can confidently aver, that there is much to admire, and worthy of imitation.” Alas!

But we will not stop on the threshold; let us start with Mr. Wilson, whose first chapter lands him at Gothenburg. “Having (says he) completed my arrangements, and obtained a passport from the Swedish consul, with additional letters, I left London ‘buried in smoke,’ for those places ‘where freshness breathes;’ and on Thursday the 29th May, 1824, I proceeded, by way of *Romford, Chelmsford, and Colchester, to Harwich*, where I intended to embark.” This is being pretty particular—“by way of *Romford*,” &c.—and naturally leads our cogitative moralist into a few reflections; for he proceeds:—

“It may be laid down as an incontrovertible principle, that the very features of nature conversing with man in all the nature and varieties of the species, can alone impart that genuine knowledge which invigorates the understanding, enriches the fancy, gives it the true spring of genius, and besides warms, elevates, and expands the heart. This is held to be the grand acquisition to be gained by travel: it compensates for every vexation; and, in spite of every

disagreeable incident, is a perpetual spring of pleasure, even to minds the most torpid and peevish. During my journey the day was fine and lengthened. All nature seemed in rapture.” Minds at once torpid and peevish must, we presume, be rare; but when such do exist, it is gratifying to be aware of Mr. Wilson's incontrovertible principle, that they may enjoy a perpetual spring of pleasure when the features of nature will converse with them in all the nature and varieties of the species!! But, along—“It happened to be a holiday, in consequence of the anniversary of one of the most interesting periods in the annals of this country, viz. the restoration of King Charles; and the people were indulging in the festivity of traditional loyalty: their own mirth added to the charming state of the weather, and the gaiety of the scene shed a blush of delight over the whole, which reminded me of one of the holidays of an Italian spring. The houses were ornamented with branches of that gigantic tree which has justly been denominated the monarch of the wood. The bridles of the horses and the coaches were all garnished with twigs of it, as if even the animals and inanimate objects were sharers in the general joy. Flags were waving in the air, to hold up to the heavens that gladness which had taken possession of the heart of man; and the merry bells, as they peeled forth the same note, encouraged the people to still louder merriment.”

This, as Touchstone might say, is very exquisite fooling. However, we must, considering the travels through three countries, besides by-bits, we have to accomplish, post forward to leave England.

“Harwich, which is a remarkably clean town, appears to be built on a point of land washed by the German Ocean on the east, and on the north side by the junction of the rivers Orwell and Stour with the sea. The inhabitants, who are 4010, consisting of 1,685 males and 2,325 females, are distinguished for their politeness to strangers, and seem to partake of the urbanity of their representatives.”

Not being acquainted with the longitude and latitude of this remarkable town, we dare say it is, what Mr. Wilson asserts it “appears to be, built on a point of land washed by the German Ocean,” &c. Upon that account, we are extremely sorry that there should be so few men in proportion to the number of women; yet, perhaps, it is owing to the predominance of the softer sex (nearly three to two) that the rude fishermen are so distinguished for their politeness, and that the rough rogues who spend half their lives on the boisterous northern seas, partake so distinctly of the inbred “urbanity” of Mr. Canning and Mr. Herries, “their representatives”!! Our friend Mr. Rae Wilson is truly a whimsical illustrator:—but more of Harwich:—

“In addition to other improvements, an elegant church, with a chime of bells, has been lately erected at an expense of nearly 20,000*l.*; to which his Majesty, whose very name is a tower of strength, with his distinguished liberality, love of religion, and knowing ‘whose minister he is,’ has largely contributed.”

We beg leave to hint, that as his Majesty's name is, as Mr. Wilson affirms, “a tower of strength,” it would in itself be a sufficient aid to any church or church-building speculation, since the other contributors need only be at the expense of a chancel, and (if *magnifique*) an aisle or two. What more his Majesty, “with his knowing whose minister he is,” gave to Harwich, we cannot tell; but if Mr. Joseph Hume hears of it, we are sure there will be a notice,

* “My Pocket-Book.”

if not a *motion*: and if parliament should be stirred about aught which has been printed by Mr. *Rae*, it will be a grand puff in *re*. Our author, however, goes on:—

"This place, *I apprehend*, would form a commodious residence for those valetudinarians, to recruit their health, who are not inclined to remove at a very great distance from the metropolis; as the warm baths are good, and well regulated; the neighbourhood of the town is pleasant and healthy; and the scenery on the river, which pursues its course to Ipswich, is marked with peculiar beauty."

We make no doubt but that Mr. Wilson is right in his last statement, and that the river Orwell absolutely *pursues its course* from Harwich to Ipswich; though the last time we were in that part of the country, it, oddly enough, flowed quite the opposite way, and pursued its course from Ipswich to Harwich! It is too bad of rivers to flow both ways so, as if it were for no other reason but to puzzle critics upon travellers' stories.

We have adverted to the majority of females over males in Harwich, and as it is probable that Mr. Wilson's statement may lead to volumes from Messrs. Malthus, M'Culloch, and other economists, we wish to furnish such further data as he is pleased to give connected with this disproportion.

"There is, unfortunately, a great want of fresh water in the town, in consequence of which rain water is principally used. A sum of 500*l*. has already been expended in digging for water. There is no theatre. The government of the town is vested in a mayor, aldermen, and twenty-four common councilmen. The children here are as numerous as I have had occasion to see in any place of the kind."

Whether the rain-water is the cause of the superabundance of the feminine gender, or whether it is owing to there being no theatre, not having attended any of Mr. M'Culloch's lectures, we are incompetent to determine. But we will say that it is much to the honour and credit of the mayor, aldermen, and twenty-four common councilmen, in whom the government of Harwich is reposed, that though one full half [500] of its male population, five-sixths of its adults, are abroad fishing three-fourths of the year, yet the children are as numerous as Mr. Wilson "has had occasion to see in any place of the kind:" what kind we know not, except it be the kind of a fishing-town.—At length, however, our delightful author sailed from Harwich; and a slight sensation of the sea, or as it is compounded (nau-)sea, renders him most spoutingly eloquent.

"The trackless flood (he exclaims) and the unknown land seem equally threatening: a strange climate may be at war with our health, and followed by sickness; while no familiar and affectionate hand is to be found to smooth our pillow, and bear [the hand bear!] with the peevishness of disease. Again, we may be hurried off this stage of existence by accident or otherways in one moment, and it prove the dispensation of Providence that none shall be at hand [again] to witness our departure from the world:—

"On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes."

Our ashes may be dispersed in a soil not our own, and that air where we drew our first breath may not receive our last sigh: in vain shall the tomb of our fathers be opened for us. These are the moments when the heart is tried."

And after half a dozen more of such reconcile ideas (interspersed as usual with inapplicable

Scripture texts and poetical quotation), he adds:—

"No professed cooks being on board for dressing victuals at sea, this proves a circumstance extremely disagreeable to some passengers; and it is a general remark, that the very dirtiest sailor is selected for every culinary operation."

What a pity it is that the Post-office does not allow "professed cooks" to the Baltic and northern packets: we are convinced that if Mr. Wilson represent the matter properly to Mr. Freeling, that gentleman, who, during a long and honoured career, has never missed any opportunity to perfect the establishment, and, through it, benefit the country, will (if he see cause) have at least one thoroughly-educated professor of gastronomy, besides a kitchen-maid and a scullion, appointed to every packet which sails from a British port. Indeed, considering the shark appetite which Mr. Wilson states to be the consequence of rolling and pitching in the keen air at sea (page 8), it does seem to us to savour something of negligence, that Mrs. Glasse, Mrs. Rundell, Dr. Kitchiner, and Meg Dods, should not have been, ere this, formed into a department of our national government, taking precedence before or after the Board of Trade, and with a salary of 5000*l*. per annum; their duty being exactly that of the Devil's in the proverb, *i. e.* to "send cooks"—to the packets. It so happened that a piece of a storm diverted our author's mind from the subject of cookery, as the subject of cookery had weaned it from sublime reflections on human life; and he observes—

"When such weather is accompanied with extreme cold, as it sometimes happens in these seas, nothing but the iron frames and manly hearts of British seamen can bear it. In the Mediterranean there is always a congenial [pet word] temperature; but here, during the winter months, cold is excessive; the sails are frozen so stiff, as to resemble sheets of glass; the decks are so slippery, that it requires a peculiar art to stand upon them, although these are covered with ashes; the rigging freezes or glues the hand on grasping it; and even the very jackets of the crew harden as they get drenched, until they actually become a cake of ice, and when taken off stand alone! This reminds us most forcibly of a remark of the royal writer, in allusion to the power of the Almighty over the elements."

When we mention, that all we have quoted occurs in the first dozen pages of this volume, it will readily be imagined what stores of intelligence are garnered in the whole 650 of which it is made up. Shall we amuse our readers with a few specimens?—we will dip and try: but as *Woodstock* necessarily occupies so much of our space this week, we must defer the foreign illustrations of this author till next Saturday, when we shall dismiss him in four columns.

Denham's African Travels.

[Fourth notice.]

THE narration to which we particularly addressed ourselves in last *Gazette* continues, and we now resume its more various details, in order not to drop the thread of this Review, though the pressure of other novelties forces us to limit its extent at present. It will be borne in mind, that the author is on an excursion to the west of Kouka, the sheikh having under-

... He casteth forth his ice like morsels. Who can stand before his cold?—*Psalms* cxlvii. 17.

taken an expedition in that direction against the Mungas.

"Just before sunset we came upon a herd of elephants, fourteen or fifteen in number; these the negroes made to dance and frisk like so many goats, by beating violently a brass basin with a stick; and as night now began to cast over us its gloomy veil, we determined on fixing ourselves until morning in a small open space, where a large tree, destroyed by the attacks of the white ant, had fallen, and afforded us fire-wood to prepare our supper: to seek it at any distance would have been dangerous at that time in the evening, on account of the lions; and the little grass which was gathered for our horses was furnished by the space within sight of our tents. Our animals were brought as close to us as possible, and we kept up fires the greater part of the night; a few roaring salutations, and those principally from the elephant and jackal, were the only disturbance that we met with."

In the waters hereabouts the fish seem to be in innumerable shoals. But having joined the sheikh, we must give an extract to the manner of going to war.

"We now commenced our march with the Bornou army, in which but little order is preserved previous to coming near the enemy: every one appears to know, that at a certain point the assembly is to take place; and the general instructions seem to be to every one to make the best of his own way. The sheikh takes the lead, and close after him comes the Sultan of Bornou, who always attends him on these occasions, although he never fights. The former is preceded by five flags, two green, two striped, and one red, with extracts from the Koran written on them in letters of gold, and attended by about a hundred of his chiefs and favourite slaves. A negro, high in confidence, rides close behind him, bearing his shield, jacket of mail, and wearing his skull-cap of steel; he also bears his arms. Another, mounted on a swift maherhy, and fantastically dressed with a straw hat and ostrich feathers, carries his timbrel or drum, which it is the greatest misfortune and disgrace, to lose in action. On the expedition which cost the Sultan Denhamah, the late Sultan of Bornou, his life, the timbrel and the sheikh were supposed to have fallen in a sudden rush of Begharmis; almost every one near him suffered. The people, however, firmly believe that he was saved by a miracle; they say, 'he became invisible; that the Begharmi chiefs scoured the field, calling out for the sheikh; that his drum sounded at intervals, but could not be seen, any more than their leader.' Close in the rear of the maherhies follow the eunuchs and the harem; the sheikh takes but three wives, who are mounted, astride, on small trained horses, each led by a boy-slave, or eunuch,—their heads and figures completely enveloped in brown silk bournouses, and a eunuch riding by the side of each.

"The Sultan of Bornou has five times as many attendants, and his harem is three times as numerous: he is attended, also, by men bearing trumpets (frumfrum), of hollow wood, ten and twelve feet long; with these a kind of music is constantly kept up. As this instrument is considered an appendage of royalty alone, the sheikh has no frumfrums; the keigomha, or standard-bearer, rides in front of him, carrying a very long pole, hung round, at the top, with strips of leather and silk of various colours, in imitation, probably, of the bashaw's tigue, or tails; and two ride on each side of him called Meestumha Dundelmah,

carrying immense spears, with which they are supposed to defend their sultan in action, whose dignity would be infringed upon by defending him-elf; but the spears are so hung round with charms, and the bearers so abominably unwieldy, that the idea of such weapons being of any use in the hands of such warriors is absurd. Indeed the grotesque appearance of the whole of this prince's train, with heads hung round with charms, and resembling the size and shape of a hogshend; their protruding stomachs, and wadded doublets, are ridiculous in the extreme.

"The town of Kabshary, where we halted, had been nearly destroyed by the Mungowys. On attacking a place, it is the custom of the country instantly to fire it; and as they are all composed of straw huts only, the whole is shortly devoured by the flames. The unfortunate inhabitants fly quickly from the destructive element, and fall immediately into the hands of their no less merciless enemies, who surround the place: the men are quickly massacred, and the women and children lashed together, and made slaves. Rhamadan, one of the sheikh's chiefs, a slave from Soudan, had been stationed here for the last fifteen days, and under his protection the survivors of the attack had returned, and were already rebuilding their dwellings.

"No *kafila* is permitted to enter Kouka during the sheikh's absence, nor dare the merchants offer any goods for sale till they have his permission. On this account, one consisting of ten merchants from Soudan was ordered to encamp at a short distance from us, and await the movements of the army. They had nearly a hundred slaves, the greater part female, and girls of from twelve to eighteen years of age, some of them from Nyffeer, and still further to the west, of a deep copper colour, and beautifully formed; but few of these were ironed. The males, who were mostly young, were linked together in couples, by iron rings round their legs; yet they laughed, and seemed in good condition.

"It is a common practice with the merchants to induce one slave to persuade his companions, that on arriving at Tripoli they will be free, and clothed in red, a colour all negroes are passionately fond of; by which promises they are induced to submit quietly, until they are too far from their homes to render escape possible, but at the risk of starvation. If the hundreds, nay thousands, of skeletons that whiten in the blast between this place and Mourzuk, did not, of themselves, tell a tale replete with woe, the difference of appearance in all slaves here (where they are fed tolerably), and the state in which they usually arrive in Fezzan, would but too clearly prove the acuteness of the sufferings which commence on their leaving the negro country.

"A circumstance happened during the last two days, which created a great sensation amongst the chiefs; and while it proved that absolute power in the person of the sheikh was not unaccompanied by a heart overflowing with feelings of mercy and moderation, it also displayed many amiable qualities in his untutored and unlightened subjects. Barca Gana, his general, and his favourite, a governor of six large districts, the man whom he delighted to honour, who had more than fifty female slaves, and twice the number of male, was taught a lesson of humility that made me feel exceedingly for him. In giving presents to the chiefs, the sheikh had inadvertently sent him a horse which he had previously promised

to some one else; and on Barca Gana being requested to give it up, he took such great offence, that he sent back all the horses which the sheikh had previously given him, saying that he would in future walk, or ride his own. On this the sheikh immediately sent for him, had him stripped in his presence, and the leather girdle put round his loins; and, after reproaching him with his ingratitude, ordered that he should be forthwith sold to the Tibboo merchants, for he was still a slave. The favourite, thus humbled and disgraced, fell on his knees, and acknowledged the justness of his punishment. He begged for no forgiveness for himself, but entreated that his wives and children might be provided for, out of the riches of his master's bounty. But on the following day, when preparations were made for carrying this sentence into effect, the Kaganawha (black Mamelukes), and Shouaa chiefs about the sheikh's person, fell at his feet, and notwithstanding the haughtiness of Barca Gana's carriage to them since his advancement, entreated to a man pardon for his offences, and that he might be restored to favour. The culprit appearing at this moment to take leave, the sheikh threw himself back on his carpet, wept like a child, and suffered Barca Gana, who had crept close to him, to embrace his knees, and calling them all his sons, pardoned his repentant slave. No prince of the most civilised nation can be better loved by his subjects than this chief; and he is a most extraordinary instance, in the eastern world, of fearless bravery, virtue, and simplicity. In the evening, there was great and general rejoicing. The timbrels beat; the Kanemboos yelled, and struck their shields; every thing bespoke joy: and Barca Gana, in new robes and a rich bournouse, rode round the camp, followed by all the chiefs of the army."

The Mungas, or Mungowys, having submitted, we are told—

"The Mungowys pearly all fight on foot, while Bornou may not improperly be called an equestrian nation. The infantry here, however, as in our own quarter of the globe, most commonly decide the fortune of war; and the sheikh's former successes may be greatly, if not entirely, attributed to the courageous efforts of the Kanem spearmen, in leading the Bornou horse into the battle, who, without such a covering attack, would never be brought to face the arrows of their enemies. No use had ever yet been made of the accession of strength to Bornou by its junction with the Munga people, and the sheikh had this in view when he planned the present expedition. All these considerations had their weight with him, as well as the numerical force with which he had to contend, and he availed himself of the superstition of the people, and his own fame as a Malem (writer), to do that which, probably, by the effect of his arms alone, it might have been difficult to accomplish. He is reported to have spent three successive nights in writing charms: the effects of which were, that the spears of some of the enemies' chiefs were found in the morning blunted and backed, whole quivers of arrows were found broken also, and their arms changed from one hut to another; other chiefs were seized with sickness, and all with fear. My rockets are also said to have struck terror indescribable into the hearts of the Mungowys. Their chief, Malem Fanaamy, declared, 'that to withstand a sheikh of the Kornu who performed such miracles, was useless, and, at the same time, *haram* (sin).' This confession of his inability

to contend with El Kanemy determined the people to submit.

"Some of the Munga people were brought to me; they were completely Bornou, and had all the simplicity, good nature, and ugliness, which are the particular characteristics of that people. Malem Fanaamy himself was a sort of *lusus naturæ*; nature had set a peculiar mark upon him, by covering one side of his face with a thick beard, while on the other not a hair was to be seen. This of itself, amongst a people so utterly ignorant, was sufficient to gain him disciples, who were ready to believe him gifted with superior powers. In these untraversed climes, a very little learning indeed is sufficient to raise a man's fame and fortune to the highest pitch. Persons who have been to Mecca, of the meaneast capacities, who amuse them with tales of the countries and people they have seen on the road, are treated with the greatest respect, and always provided for; indeed every house is open to them; and any European travelling in these countries might acquire an influence by these means, which would enable him to carry all his objects into effect with great facility."

Would not conjurers or ventriloquists be capital companions to any exploratory expedition?

"While we remained (continues the author) at Kabshary, we encountered another violent storm, and were much amused at the economy of the Shouaas when the storm approached. I saw all were extremely busy digging holes in the sand with their spears, evidently too small for them to get into themselves, and we were not a little surprised at seeing them presently bury their shirts and trousers two or three feet deep in the sand, which, on the rain subsiding, they dug up, and put on, quite dry, with an air of great comfort and satisfaction. They never are affected by thus exposing their naked bodies to the fury of the tempest, while we, who were always covered, had colds, agues, and pains, that they were entirely free from.

"The *kafila* which came from Soudan during this expedition brought a young fighi from Timbocto, the son of a Felatah chief of D'jennie, named Abdel Gassam ben Maleky. He was on his way to Hage, and had left Timbocto, as is the custom, without anything beyond the shirt on his back, the rags of which he exchanged on the road for a sheep's skin, subsisting entirely on charity. He was a very fine and intelligent lad, of about sixteen, of a deep copper colour, but with features extremely handsome and expressive. He was five months from D'jennie, and greatly exhausted by fatigue and the want of nourishing food: his whole wardrobe was his sheep's skin; and although the sheikh gave him a robe, he said he almost thought it a sin to indulge in the luxury of putting it on. We were on the expedition to Munga when he arrived, and about the time of our evening meal, Abdel Gassam generally made his appearance at our tents: bad as the fare was, he found it preferable to the cold mess of flour and water he got elsewhere. He knew little or nothing of the road by which he had come to Kano, not even the names of the places he had halted at. Abdel Gassam said he could scarcely believe such good people as we were could be any thing but Moslem: but he had heard of Christians before; and when I asked how, and where, he gave the following account:—

"Many years ago, before I was born, white men, Christians, came from Segou to D'jennie, in a large boat, as big as two of our boats.

The natives went out to them in their canoes; they would not have done them any harm, but the Christians were afraid, and fired at them with guns, and killed several in the canoes that went near their boat: they proceeded to Timbuctoo, and there the sultan sent to them one of his chiefs, and they held a parley. The Christians complained that the people wanted to rob them. The sultan was kind to them, and gave them supplies. Notwithstanding this, they went off suddenly in the night, which vexed the sultan, as he would have sent people with them, if they had not been afraid of them a little: and he now sent boats after them, to warn them of their danger, as there were many rocks in the belly of the river, all pointed. However, the Christians went on, and would not suffer the sultan's people to come near them, and they all perished. My informant never heard that any thing belonging to them was saved, but remembers himself seeing a man often with his father, who was in one of the canoes that followed them, and who had seen them strike against the rocks—indeed he brought the news to Timbuctoo. Their appearance excited a great sensation amongst the people;—had frequently heard people talk about the Christians, and the large boat, for a whole day, at his father's;—to this day they talk about them. They had guns fixed to the sides of the boat, a thing never seen before at Timbuctoo, and they alarmed the people greatly.

Abdel Gassam was a sort of prodigy, and could repeat the Koran from the beginning to the end. I repeatedly asked him what they would do to us, if we were to go to Timbuctoo? "Why," answered he, "do by you as you now do by me, feed you. The sultan is a great man, with a large heart, and is kind to strangers. Many whites, but not like those in the great boat, come to D'jennie, and also the servants of these people, who he thinks were Christians, but they do not go to Timbuctoo: they come from the great water; and the Felatahs at D'jennie, by their means, supply Timbuctoo with cloth and silk, yellow and red, and guns, which are much sought after. Does not know what these white people take back, but always heard, slaves and gold dust. The Sultan of Timbuctoo is a very great man, never goes out to grazzie; but his slaves go, and bring back many slaves, mostly females, from the Kerdy countries, by which he is surrounded. At D'jennie and Meli, which are both subject to Timbuctoo, the population is mostly Felatah. The whole road to Timbuctoo is inhabited by Moslems; but to the north and south of the route are Kerdies, who sometimes attack kafilas; but they are very much afraid of Bello, who protects merchants. Kashna, Kano, Houssa,—one language; Timbuctoo, D'jennie,—one language; but they also speak Felatah. At Sego the population is Negro, Kerdy, Kafir. All communication between Sego, D'jennie, and Timbuctoo, is by water: the river is very large, and called Qualla; and Kabra is the place where every thing going from, or coming to, Timbuctoo, is embarked or disembarked. Kabra is five hours distant only from Timbuctoo: always understood that this great river, which has many names and branches, went from Nyffé south, between high mountains. The river at Kano is not the same; indeed, believes it is only a lake, and no river."

"This information, as far as it goes, may, I conceive, be relied on."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE NATIONAL FINANCES; CURRENCY, OR CIRCULATING MEDIUM; CORN; PANICS, &c.*

THERE are several subjects of vast importance, and requiring, for their fair investigation, so wide a field of discussion as hardly to be within the limits of the most voluminous periodical, which we (in a journal so various as this is) are generally obliged merely to indicate among the topics of the times, when they engage the marked attention of the public, without entering upon their merits beyond the occasional and incidental expression of an opinion. To these, religious controversy, politics, and financial questions belong; and we would not have gone out of our usual course, even so briefly as in this short article, did we not believe that the matter to which we desire to attract especial notice, is peculiarly worthy of the most grave and earnest consideration of the government and country.

Avoiding preface, therefore, and refraining from the details brought before us by these pamphlets, though they serve strongly to corroborate the idea we entertain of the infinite consequence of the plan we are about to develop (as does also Adam Smith, in a manner almost prophetic, in the event of its being rendered widely practicable), we proceed at once to our statement.

We will ask our readers, the public at large, individuals most conversant with the science of political economy, parliament and ministers, to conceive what would be not only the probable but the certain result—to how high a pitch of prosperity and power Great Britain must arrive, if

A sound and settled currency could be established; liable to no fluctuations, but susceptible of easy and perpetual regulation, as circumstances required; representing real property (the foundation being much more valuable than the representative), and preserving the precious metals; and combining all the great interests of the country so intimately with the common weal, as to preclude the possibility of panic or consequent distress.—If, we repeat, such a measure could be effected, we put it to the sense of the people of England to say how inestimably beneficial that measure must be to every rank and station, from the peer to the peasant.

At present we are not inclined to go farther; but to state the fact, that a measure calculated to do all this and more, may be made available by Government immediately. We do not assume to ourselves—or speaking more correctly in the first person—the Editor of this Journal does not assume to himself the capacity and knowledge which should entitle him to decide presumptuously on so vast a design; but he has to observe, that its simplicity is equal to its vastness. Its parts have been communicated to him, and the facility of working them seems

* Among the many pamphlets sent to us for review, and which have demanded our mention of them, we may specify the following, as containing much of public interest on the points here enumerated. Malachi Malagrowther's "Letters on the Proposed Change of the Currency of Scotland," first, second, and third; Blackwood, Edinburgh, and Cadell, London: (these first appeared in Ballantyne's Edinburgh Weekly Journal, but have gone through numerous editions as pamphlets). "Observations" on these, by Waverley; [first published in the London Courier, and afterwards in a pamphlet by J. Murray]. "An Essay on the Rent of Land," and "An Essay on the Management and Mismanagement of the Currency," published by J. Duncan. "The present Critical State of the Country," published by T. Kelly. "Essay on Money Lending," by Francis Neale, Esq., Barrister at Law; J. Pickering. "The Panic;" Hatchard and Sons. "Safe Banks;" J. Murray. "Digest of Facts and Principles on Banking and Commerce," 12mo. pp. 111; T. Ward, and J. Richardson. A little work full of matter.

to be as surprising as the principle of the whole is plain,* obvious, and unobjectionable. And he may add, that the mind which has conceived this project is one successfully practised in grand and complex undertakings. His opinion on these data is, THAT THE SCHEME MAY BE READILY BROUGHT INTO OPERATION, AND WOULD BE THE GREATEST BLESSING TO THIS KINGDOM WHICH WAS EVER DEvised FOR ITS WELFARE.

We trust, therefore, that our call upon the country for its attention to the subject, may be a means of leading to consequences most grateful to every patriotic feeling.

THE BLOOD.

M. SEGALAS, of Paris, has been engaged in some very extensive researches with a view to determine the long-contested question whether or not the blood may be the seat of diseases. He has lately communicated to the French Academy of Sciences the result of a number of experiments which he has made on dogs with alcohol and with the alcoholic extract of the nux vomica. With regard to the first, it evidently appears, that concentrated alcohol acts chemically on the blood of a living animal; that diluted alcohol produces immediate intoxication if injected into the veins or the bronchia, and intoxication more or less slow if introduced any where else; that the effects of alcohol deposited elsewhere than in the veins is in strict accordance with the intensity and vigour of the absorbing power of the part, and is entirely independent of the nerves which pervade it, especially the nerves of the stomach; that these effects are accelerated and augmented, or retarded and diminished, by the circumstances which either favour or obstruct the entrance of the alcohol into the blood; that the intoxication goes off as the alcohol abandons the blood, and with more or less rapidity as circumstances are more or less favourable to the exhalation; that the effects of the alcohol are in proportion, not to the quantity of alcohol which has been brought into contact with the organs, but to the quantity of alcohol which is actually in the blood; lastly, that profound intoxication, and death from intoxication, coincide with a manifest disorder of the blood, and with a less remarkable disorganisation of the solids. These facts, in shewing intoxication to be the result of a real disease of the blood, serve also to explain several other facts which have been observed; for example, the operation of oil in preventing the effects of alcohol, and of ammonia, and acetate of ammonia, in dissipating them. It is evident that oil obstructs the absorption of alcohol, and that ammonia or acetate of ammonia facilitates its escape; indeed it is by no means improbable that the two last-mentioned substances act immediately on the blood, in a manner directly the reverse of alcohol. With regard to the result of the experiments made with the alcoholic extract of the nux vomica, it appears that this poison operates almost immediately after its entrance into the blood, and produces either a general or a partial tetanus, accordingly as it has been either mixed with the mass of the blood, or confined to a part of that fluid; that, deposited any where else but in the sanguine system, it does not act, except through the medium of the circulation, and that its effects, independent of the nerves of the part, are in strict accordance with the intensity and vigour of the absorbing power of the part; that the local phenomena of general poisoning may shew themselves independently of general enervation, and are in absolute de-

pendance on the local circulation; lastly, that a great many phenomena, which are entirely inexplicable by any supposed injury to the nervous system, can be the result only of a partial disorder of the blood, and are intelligible only by a reference to the anomalous action which the disordered portion of the blood exercises on the parts of the nervous system with which it comes into contact.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Original Letters of Dr. Young.

MADAM,—Philander was both my son-in-law and my friend. Nothing but your regard for religion, could so much engage your attention to that work. I congratulate you on your care for the next world; our want of care for that, occasions* all our troubles in this. For what can trouble those who have an eternity of joy in their power? Their troubles, if they have any, well bourn,* are their greatest good, as they, of all things, most promote their salvation.

I am, madam, your humble servant,
E. YOUNG.

Wellwyn, Sept. 19, 1762.
To Mrs. Anne Brett.

MADAM,—The second part of the thing you speak of, I wrote at Lyons in France; where, by the carelessness of a servant, it was left behind, nor could I ever recover it. But why are you so inquisitive about these matters? It must be owing to your prudent concern for those good things which can never be lost; of which I give you great joy. May we ever think intensely of things *inconceivable* and *eternal*! then shall we become those happy, glorious, and rare beings, which may be called Christians indeed: then shall we smile at the world's terror, and rejoice at the thoughts of death.

I am, madam, your faithful humble servant,
E. YOUNG.
Philander was the husband of Narcissa.
To Mrs. Anne Brett.
(No date.)

OXFORD, 22 April.—Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. J. F. Jowett, Fellow of St. John's College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. F. Gregory, Exeter College; Rev. J. Amphlett, Trinity College; Rev. R. Young, Rev. W. R. Crotch, Fellows of New College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. Allfrey, Exeter College, grand componder; P. Bowen, All Souls' College; F. C. Alderman, Exeter College; J. W. Birch, Magdalen Hall; R. Butler, Christ College; H. Burton, Christ Church; W. J. Russell, R. Appleton, Pembroke College; R. C. Brackenbury, Lincoln College; H. Brown, Balliol College.

FINE ARTS.

Exhibition of Paintings in Water Colours.

THIS annual Exhibition has justly become very popular, for it is very pleasing, and altogether peculiar to our native school. The collection of the present season amounts to 284; and, to judge by the attraction of the gallery, we might be induced to believe that any greater number only made a crowd of pictures, without bringing together a greater crowd of amateurs and sight-hunters. Our single visit has been during an hour while the room was full, and therefore we shall only undertake to indicate the first impression which so imperfect a view produced upon us. Though there are

* The above two words are so spelt in the original.

many extremely clever productions, we do not think the Exhibition, upon the whole, so striking as that of last year. There is more of repetition and sameness in it; and few of the artists display any proof of advancement. Is the art, then, carried to its highest possible pitch, or has mannerism usurped the place of perfection? Having seen and remembering what was done in this style thirty, or even forty years ago, we should not like, for the sake of living painters, to answer this question. Still there are many fine productions on these walls. Robson has rather extended his field, and given us one or two subjects of sublimity and feeling (136, &c.), besides his usual contributions of middle tint exquisitely managed, and of natural beauty. Copley Fielding is eminently happy in several sea-pieces, where Claude's skies and Vandevelde's waters are combined, (101, 138, 195). Prout is the very soul of picturesque architecture; the Canaletti of water-colours, (see 17, Antwerp; 53, Milan). J. Varley has many sweet pieces, and true to nature. D. Cox deserves a similar mention, (see 53, 189, &c.). Of H. Gastineau we observed one of the best works in the gallery, (*The Castle of Gloom*, 229). Richter has (32) the same offensive scene (in a medium of which he is more master than of oils,) as at Suffolk Street. Stephanoff, among others, a very graceful and rich design from Lalla Rookh, (277); besides his chief piece, (165), of *Rubens and the Alchemist*. Barret is distinguished as usual; and Cristall, but not superior to former efforts. T. M. Wright has tried a higher dramatic flight, (90, *King Lear*), and shewn that he has talents for any thing he may attempt: and we may add to this list of persons whose pictures fixed our attention, Dewint, Hills, Nash, (248); Harding, (203); Nesfield, (164, 252); Wild, (170, &c.); and A. Pugin.

We shall only add, at present, that a great number of the paintings have been sold at high prices.

Lodge's Portraits of Illustrious Personages. Part XIX.

THIS part contains Queen Elizabeth, the Earl of Essex, Cardinal Allen, Edward first Lord North, and William first Earl of Craven. Upon those parts which have preceded it, we have bestowed, invariably, the meed of approbation which their merits, as well in the literary portions, or biographies, as in the fine execution of the portraits, have eminently deserved. We ought, perhaps, to distinguish the present number in a more particular manner, on account of its displaying a very remarkable likeness of Elizabeth:—it is from an ancient painting on pannel, in the Marquis of Salisbury's collection at Hatfield-house, and formerly belonged to his lordship's great ancestor Lord Burghley; and has ever been esteemed the most curious of all the portraits of Elizabeth which have descended to us. It was exhibited several years ago at the gallery of the British Institution in Pall Mall, and has been exquisitely copied in a large-sized enamel by Mr. Bone. Mr. Pennant, speaking of this picture in his *Journey from Chester to London*, says, "It is a portrait extremely worth notice, not only because it is the handsomest we have of her, but as it points out her turn to allegory and apt devices. Her gown is close bodied; on her head is a coronet and rich egret, and a vast distended gauze veil; her face is young; her hair is yellow, falling in two long tresses; on her arms bracelets. The lining of her robe is worked with *eyes and ears*, and on her arm a serpent is embroidered with pearls and rubies,

holding a great ruby in its mouth; all to denote vigilance and wisdom. In one hand is a rainbow, with the following flattering motto, *Non sine sole iris*."

It is impossible to speak too highly of the style in which this portrait is engraved by T. A. Dean. Essex is also singular in costume, and well executed by W. Freeman. The same commendations are due to Dean, J. Thomson, and W. Cooper, for the other heads.

The Ports of England. Engraved in Mezzotint on Steel, by Thos. Lupton; from original Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. T. Lupton.

Of the importance and interest attached to the Ports of England, and the historical records connected with them, it is quite unnecessary to speak; they are associated with all that belongs to our naval strength and commercial welfare. A work of the kind before us, therefore, cannot fail, from its national character, to be attractive to the generality,—and, from its graphic excellence, to insure the encouragement of the lovers of the Fine Arts.

The first number of this work contains the Ports of Scarborough and Whitby, which are executed with a lightness and brilliancy well calculated to give the effect of Mr. Turner's admirable drawings.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

Defeat of the Turks by the Greeks, &c. &c.—A new grand and moving Panorama (peristepic). This is a sad mistake, we will not call it bonn, for its doers seem really to fancy in earnest that it is a good thing. Fourteen deplorable pictures, in the lowest scale, painted, it is said, by "eminent English and Greek artists," are shewn up to the sound of a military band, which is composed of a hoarse hautboy and a cracked fiddle, or two instruments equally sweet and powerful. Time, place, and circumstance, are all annihilated by the anachronisms of these Views;—but indeed it would be a waste of time, place, and circumstance, to add one word more.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The moon is on the silent lake

I loved so much of yore—

And, as in other days, I stand

Beside its willowed shore.

It is not changed:—the quiet wave

Glides in its beauty on;

And not a bud, and not a leaf,

Seems from the green tree gone.

Like fairy barks those lilies spread

Their white wings to the air;

Those flowers, so lovely and so frail,

Still are they floating there.

It cannot be that years have past

Since last I saw the place—

For years bring change, and here is not

Of any change a trace.

I'll fling me down on yon green bank,

And dream my dreams of old—

Drink Hope's Pæctolus-draughts again

From starry waves of gold.

O no! O no! my heart's awake—

I cannot sleep again;

I know Hope's golden sands are dross—

I know Life's dreams are vain.

I would there were some sign of change

Upon the scene around:

'Tis sad to think in mine own heart

Along that change is found.

Like birds and winds that pass away,
Our hopes and joys depart;
And Nature has no desert place
Like the lorn human heart.
For there are thousand flowers that rise
Fair from their winter tomb;
But Hopes are annuals that know
No second spring of bloom.

L. E. L.

SONG.

FLOAT, float, down the stream,
Wreath that bound my raven hair;
Ye shall be to me a dream
Of the things that were.

Float, float!—what, so soon
Has that red rose found a grave—
So soon that vale-lily's light
Lost beneath the wave?

Gone, gone—not a leaf
Lingers on the faithless tide;
Smooth and sunny, who would think
What those waters hide?

Gone, gone, as those flowers,
Pleasures, feelings, hopes depart—
Launch'd upon Life's treacherous stream
By the trusting heart.

L. E. L.

SONNET.

ALL forms of beauty—Earth, and Sea, and Sky,
Save only that which is most beautiful—
Guileless we gaze on, and in gazing hush
The captive sense with sweet satiety.

But Woman—that o'ershadowed in thy light
All loveliest things—thy smile, thy blushing
fears,

Thy cheek's warm glow, with health and
ardour bright,
E'en the pale charm that mingles with thy
tears!

O that on these, spell-bound, the eye should
feed,
Yet the heart famish!—Fascinating foe!
False light! that dost the way-lost traveller
lead

Into the depths of wild and hopeless woe!
If beauty charm thee, gaze on all things fair—
But Woman's witchery—O gaze not there!

V. LAWRENCE.

In our Review of *Woodstock* we have quoted one poetical
composition: the following is the only other piece in
these volumes, and is assigned to King Charles when
offering love to Alice Lee:—

As hour with thee!—When earliest day
Dapples with gold the eastern gray,
O, what can frame my mind to bear
The toil and turmoil, cark and care,
New griefs, which coming hours unfold,
And sad remembrance of the old?—

One hour with thee.

One hour with thee!—When burning June
Waves his red flag at pitch of noon,
What shall repay the faithful swain
His labour on the sultry plain,
And more than cave or sheltering bough,
Cool feverish blood and throbbing brow?—

One hour with thee.

One hour with thee!—When sun is set,
O, what can teach me to forget
The thankless labours of the day—
The hopes, the wishes flung away—
The increasing wants and lessening gains—
The master's pride, who scorns my pains?—

One hour with thee.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PAUL PRY ON HIS TRAVELS.—Letter IV.

I was admiring the beautiful Fountain of the
Marché des Innocens—and not *aux Innocens*,
as Lady Morgan writes it, as if none but fools
went there—when I saw a form glide past me,
which awakened long-buried recollections. I
instinctively followed the person, who was at-
tended by an old woman with a basket. He
stopped at a stall to cheapen some *oignons brûlés*:
I put my hand into the same tray, and asked
combien? looking direct in the marchand's face
and askant at the stranger, who gave an in-
voluntary start. As I hate any thing that
smells of the shop, and above all things, being
theatrical off the stage, I will merely say we
recognised each other: the right hand of fellow-
ship was simultaneously held forth, each for-
getting that our last parting was in anger. It
was no other than—hold, Paul!—it is permitted
to every man to reveal his own secrets, but to
none to reveal those of another. Right:—well,
to proceed with my story; I will call my
friend Wellbank. He was once the gay, the
fashionable young baronet, the delight of all
his acquaintance—so long as an estate of seven
thousands a-year lasted. He got into the hands
of Jew money-lenders, and gave bills, bonds,
annuities, and post-obits, added to the extreme
kindness of friends, who honoured him by ap-
plying to him, in preference to any other, for
the loan of a few hundreds or a few thousands,
and if he had not the ready, why his name on
the back of a bill, for *form's sake*, would be as
well: these soon drained him dry. In short,
in a few years he was not worth a shilling: his
credit was completely gone in the money-
market, and, as a last resource, he thought he
would apply to his *friends* for temporary assist-
ance, since not a guinea was to be had from his
debtors. Resolved to begin well, he applied to his
steady friend Sir Simon Self, to whom he ex-
plained his exact situation. "My dear friend,"
said Sir Simon, "I am said to be a selfish man;
do not credit the calumny; come to me to-mor-
row morning at nine: how much did you say
you wanted?" "Only five hundred." "Bless
me, no more! Well, be punctual at nine, for
you know I do not like to wait." Wellbank
was exact to the hour: Sir Simon received him
with a smile. "Come, sit down; I have got
some delicious chocolate for you; let us break-
fast first, and then to business." The breakfast
ended, Sir Simon brought out a curiously-
bound book, fastened with gold clasps; he sat
down, opened it, and began to write, and mut-
tered as he wrote, "Five hundred pounds;
Mr. Wellbank—bless me, what a trifle for such
a worthy man to want! Now, my dear sir, look
if I have put it down right." "You have, my
dear friend; but, as you justly term it such a
trifle, if you would make it one thousand,
I should be greatly obliged." "Oh dear! why
did you not say so at once; I shall be obliged
to make another entry; for I make it a point
never to alter a figure or a word in this book,
lest it should be said I put down wrong sums."
The second entry being made at the same
date, the book was closed, and carried again to
the iron chest. Sir Simon hanging over it—
"Are you sure one thousand pounds will do?"
"Certainly, my dear sir." "Bless me! and
you could not raise the one thousand pounds
anywhere?" taking, at the same time, the
book back and opening it: "bless me! what
will the world come to, when such a gentleman
as you cannot raise a thousand pounds? look
here, my dear sir," attracting Wellbank's eye
to a numerous list of names, concluding with

his own, with many large sums annexed to
them: "Let us see, the sum total is 27,439*l.*;
a pretty sum, Mr. Wellbank, and they call me
selfish, eh!" "Why, my dear sir, you over-
power me, and I am now more than ever con-
vinced of the black ingratitude of the human
heart; for several of these persons do not hesi-
tate to call you all sorts of names, and you have
lent 27,000*l.* and upwards!" "Why not exactly
so, Mr. Wellbank; but I have been asked to
lend the whole of it, and you will readily con-
ceive that if I had done so I must have been
ruined myself: this compels me to decline."
"Good morning, sir," said Wellbank, with in-
dignation, and rushed out of the room. This
failure so disgusted him, that he consented to
the sale of all his property, and as he was
obliged to be absent, it was so dilapidated that
it would not cover the claims, though, if pro-
perly managed, he ought still to have had at
least 20,000*l.* to spare. He went abroad, and
was never heard of until I met him in the
market. He took me aside, and, addressing me
in English, said, "You must go home with
me;" and, without giving me time to answer,
put his arm in mine, and took me off with
him to one of the carriages called a *cuckoo*.
After driving three-quarters of an hour, we
alighted, and Wellbank paid thirty sous for
the fare of all three, the old woman going *en
lapon*, as they call it, that is, seated beside
the driver. We soon arrived at a small neat
cottage, standing in a garden. As every edifice
in the neighbourhood was filthy and
dirty, the contrast was the more remarkable.
The cottage consisted of only four rooms. The
door was in the centre; on the left was the
laboratory and kitchen; on the right the
room formed a drawing-room, dining-room,
and library; up-stairs were his bed-room and
dressing-room. The rooms themselves were
not more than ten feet square. It was,
in fact, a *band box*, or, as the French call
it, a *bonbonnière*. I admired the order and
neatness of the whole arrangement. In a
quarter of an hour, after chatting on various
subjects, he rang the bell, and told the old
woman he should want her no more for the
night. "Now," said he, "my dear sir, you
shall take an early dinner with me, and the
coach, which goes at seven, shall convey you
back to Paris. Times are not with us now as
formerly. I am now my own servant. I am
cook, butler, and footman: and while I am
dressing the dinner I will give you an account
of what has passed since I retired from the
world.

"Driven to distraction, I was on the point
of committing suicide, when a young lady,
whom I had slighted, after shewing her some
attentions, which, unfortunately, her fine sen-
sibility attributed to a feeling I certainly
never entertained, wrote me a letter, in a
feigned hand, enclosing a bank-note of 1000*l.*,
and advising me to fly to preserve my liberty.
I knew not the name of my benefactor, but
profited by the advice. Some months after-
wards, I found a letter, *poste restante*, at
Paris, for me; it was from the lady's brother:
it informed me that she had died, as the phy-
sician said, of a consumption; but he attributed
it to a cause which he would not pain me by
stating. He added, she had left me 1000*l.* in
her will, and a letter which I should find
enclosed. On opening it, I recognised the
same writing which enclosed the former 1000*l.*
The letter contained only these words, 'Well-
bank, cherish the memory of one who loved
you: till we meet in a happier world, fare-
well!' Oh how I hated myself at that mo-

ment! I resolved to retire entirely from the world. I bought this little cottage, and stock in the French funds which yielded me 1000 francs per annum. As to the 1000*l.* left me as a legacy, I ordered it to be distributed, in the fair donor's name, to ten charitable institutions, resolving to withdraw entirely from the world, and live on the small pittance of 40*l.* a year: that, my dear friend, is the extent of my fortune. In this room you perceive I have a little chemical laboratory; here I amuse myself in experiments. I distil all my own *liqueurs*, I make my own *caca de Cologne*, I make my own preserves and my own pickles, of which you shall see my stock. I was always an epicure—I am so still, and still more refined; and what will perhaps surprise you, I have more luxuries with my 40*l.* per annum, than when I had all my fortune. I am my own gardener, and have the first melons and peaches of the season, and, I may say, the last, for you shall taste both to-day." "What, melons and peaches in winter!" "Yes, my friend, I have a store of every summer fruit at Christmas, and generally until Easter. You luckily happen to arrive on one of my experimental days."

"That stove contains my *pot au feu*, as we call it, or meat for soup. I have had the meat in the house these two years. I use neither salt nor pyroligneous acid, yet I hope to find it fresh, and the soup excellent. You see that stove; it was lighted at nine this morning, and the meat put in. No one has attended it since twelve o'clock. I shall now put on an upper sautepan, to dress a fresh mackerel." "A mackerel!" "Yes; a mackerel caught last May. In another vessel I shall boil some Dutch potatoes; and in another a fine cauliflower; and while they are doing, all from that little fire, which you do not see, and which costs only two-pence for charcoal which will cook eight hours, I shall roast a chicken which I have had in the house these fifteen months. While I am preparing this, make yourself useful; break these eggs into the bowl. I have got a bottle of cream twelve months old—the eggs are two years old—and we will have a dish of *œufs à la neige*, flavoured with vanilla." I stared—my friends know how I can stare—but, presently, he pulled out a shrivelled mackerel, and a shrivelled thing which I guessed to be a fowl, from the number of members; and I heartily wished myself at a Paris *restaurant*, even of the third order. The fish was put in the kettle. A machine was turned round, which I can only describe as a plaster mould from the finely-formed bosom of a lady. It was about sixteen inches long. Some wires rose one above the other in the form of bars; these were filled with charcoal: the withered fowl was spitted and put in a Dutch oven, and placed before the warm *bosom* friend: a horizontal jack fixed to one end of the spit, and the fowl turned gaily round, while by a contrivance, the mechanism of which I could not examine, the action of the jack at the same time basted the meat. I admired the mechanism, but could not help thinking of Sir Abel Handy and his son Bob. "Now," says Wellbank, "I shall 'dress the table.'"

In two corners of the room stood, on columns of stucco, the busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Count Rumford,—he touched a spring, the columns opened, and discovered all the paraphernalia of the dinner table; after taking out what was wanted, he wheeled off the columns to form two dumb waiters, and the busts then appeared supported by elegant brackets. The

dining table was round; he took off a top, when a beautiful damask cloth appeared, or what seemed such, for I afterwards found it to be oil-cloth* without gloss, perfectly white and flexible. Our napkins, which were really of damask, were white as snow, and of the finest texture. He stooped at the end of the room, and up flew a door, he took a lighted taper, and asked me what wines I would prefer. "I have," said he, "a little of most of the principal vintages in the world." I followed him into his cellar, and found it to be a passage that went quite round the room, so that the centre only was solid. One side was filled with French wines; another with foreign wines and *liqueurs*; a third was assigned to fruits preserved in various ways; and the fourth to what he called his grand arcanum of preserved animal and vegetable food. All was perfectly clean and airy, there were no smells of any kind, nor any dampness, which proved that he even here exercised his ingenuity. I left, of course, the choice of the wines to him. He gave me to take up what he called a melon and two peaches.

Dinner being ready, we commenced with oysters, which he said was the only *comestible* that had resisted his system of preservation. After despatching a dozen each of these, a delicious soup was served, and as he had no servant, the beef was brought in at the same time; the *bouilli* was as fine and succulent as I ever tasted. He had some kind of a machine near him; he put the melon to it, and it instantly seemed as if fresh gathered. He had fallen into the French method of eating the melon with pepper and salt, with, or immediately after the *bouilli*, and I think it the best time and manner of eating so cold a fruit. Now came the fresh mackerel, indeed so it seemed and tasted too, for I never ate a finer or a fresher. The fowl was as tender and as juicy as if killed only the day before; in short, the whole dinner was delicious, and so were his wines. I observed that I was fond of good Champagne. "Well," said he, "as you only take it at dessert, you shall have it and ices also. I can offer you raspberry, strawberry, peach, lemon, and pistachio ices; which will you have?" "Peach and pistachio, by all means, were it only for the P's." He went into the cellar for a moment, and in five minutes he produced, as it were by magic, a bottle of iced Champagne, a decanter of delicious iced water, and two fine glasses of peach and pistachio nut ice creams. The peaches, too, were produced blooming as if just gathered. Filling our glasses with delicious *œil de perdrix* Champagne, he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "Here's prosperity to the land I shall never see again, and health and long life to the best-hearted man in the world, George IV." He asked me if I liked coffee? On replying in the affirmative, he produced cups and saucers, &c. from the dumb waiter at his elbow, and putting a silver coffee-pot down at his feet, in a minute or two he produced it full of boiling hot coffee, *le vrai moka des Dieux*. After coffee, came the *petit verre* of exquisite *liqueurs*.

In an instant, the board was cleared, the columns moved back into their places, the false top was put on the table, which now appeared to be a library table surrounded by drawers. "We will now," said he, "retire to the library." He rose, went round the room, touched several springs; in an instant, what were panels and pictures, now turned round

* Mr. Fry is mistaken: it was a cloth saturated with caoutchouc, white as snow, and on which a damask pattern was impressed.—*Annulet*.

and displayed the whole room filled with books, *cartonnés à la Bradel*. I could not resist the curiosity of examining whether they were real, and found them to be so.

"Now," said my friend, "what do you think of all this for forty pounds a-year?" "Impossible!" I exclaimed. "No," he rejoined, "it is true; if we except that the sale of my first melons to one of my neighbours, who takes them to Paris, provides me with sugar. I have discovered the art of doing much with little. The same furnace serves me for dressing every thing to be boiled or stewed, and also for distilling my *liqueurs*. That little furnace boils my eggs, coffee, and milk, with a sheet of paper, or a table-spoonful of spirits of wine; or dresses chops or steaks for my dinner. Every thing in the house answers several purposes. With three sous of charcoal I can roast a turkey, and boil two kinds of vegetables. You saw that the jack basted the meat: it can do more; it can draw up a curtain, and protect the meat from the fire the moment it is done. In winter I live principally in what may be called the kitchen. There is a portable oven, which bakes, roasts, and boils, and at the same time warms the room perfectly. I have studied cookery as a science; and though it be not one of the seven, it well deserves to be numbered as the eighth; but in England you know nothing about it. There is more wasted in an English kitchen than would keep the whole family. Here, nothing is wasted, not even the bones. The dripping in an English kitchen is sold as *pot fat*, whereas it is the very essence of the meat, and may be applied to many purposes, and, amongst others, to making most excellent soup, with a few leeks, carrots, and turnips, and a proper quantity of water. I have read all the best English and French books on cookery, and think I have improved on them all; but I should never have been able to cook economically, if M. Harel had not been at the trouble of inventing my kitchen apparatus. I have made some little improvements on his principles, that is to say, in their application; but the merit of the invention is with him, and he may truly be called the poor man's friend, as he enables him to have a comfortable, well-dressed dinner, at less cost than he could have had a most comfortable one. But I hear the 'cuckoo' note. We must part: but recollect I shall be happy to see you often, on the condition that you neither bring any one with you, nor mention my retreat to any person. When we have more leisure I will explain to you several things which at present excite your surprise and wonder.—Adieu."

IRISH SKETCHES.

No. II.—Philip Finn.

IN the commencement of the year 1823, an unforeseen occurrence forced Philip Finn from his parental roof, to try his fortune in some happier clime than his native one. Philip Finn, though poor, was as honourable in his actions as a man could be, and withal strictly honest and sober. It was a fine summer evening in the latter end of June, and being extremely fatigued from a long walk, I chanced to betake myself into a cabin to rest my tired limbs for a short time. On my entering, it struck me as being exceedingly neat, and the first object I beheld was a venerable old man, who most hospitably asked me to be seated, and, not requiring very much pressing in my tired condition, I readily accepted his offer. After a little conversation, the old man began relating to me the following simple tale:—

"My Phil was my only remaining boy of twelve children, and he was a good son to me—no better—he worked for me in my little garden from morn till dusk, and after nightfall he usually amused me by reading: he was at this time fourteen years old, a fine, healthy, well-looking boy, and for that the neighbours christened him 'Phily the Bute.' But, however, sir, a Mr. B— happened to take a strange liking to him, and asked me to let him go into service. I was very unwilling; but, however, not wishing to hinder his bettering himself in this world, and by his own entreaties, I at long last consented to let him go. He was not very long hired, when Mr. B— took him on a journey to some foreign part. But oh, sir! that was the bitter day for me, the bitter day—and it turned out a sore and a sorrowful one for himself also. It was then I thought, that I, my cabin, my garden, was left alone, and all—but these were nothing—nothing compared to his leaving his old mother without bidding her good bye, (for he was afraid to see her who was so dotingly fond of him,) or without even receiving her parting blessing. But oh, sir! if you were to hear her *keening* him in her sleep—the poor old woman—God rest her soul in peace! 'twould melt your very heart within you; for after he was gone one week, except complaining to her gossips, she was never heard to utter one syllable of grief, saying, as I tell you, always crying and *keening* for him in her sleep. However, she did not live long in this vale of troubles, nor was she long a comfort to me; for, on the following Christmas-day, her heart—poor woman!—burst, and in one moment she was gone. God bless the hearers!" The poor old man, not able to contain himself any longer, gave vent to his feelings by a flood of tears. "Well, sir, here I was left alone, and sorrowing; but what kept me alive at all, at all, was the hope of seeing my poor boy some time or other; for I never even heard one word about him since he went away. And, sir, what was my joy in hearing one morning that my poor boy was coming home to see me: and sure enough he did come, grown a fine man, to me. And now, sir, you'd say I ought to be happy. But, alas! (shaking his head) 'twas only to bring more troubles and griefs upon my old gray hairs; for some busy-body of the neighbours told my boy the whole story about his mother, and how it was his ingratitude saw her to her grave. From that day long my boy was sickening and pining away, and was often heard to say he would not pass Christmas-day alive. Well, sir, towards the end of the year he helped me in my garden more than ever, and I thought he had forgotten all about his mother's death. But how will I tell it to you? Christmas came, and Christmas-day morning. My poor child came to me very early, before I was out of bed, and said, 'Father, I want to make a present of my young geranium to Patrick Kenny; I think he will take great care of it, and I am promising it to him this long time.' He went to the garden, and brought in the geranium, saying, 'Father, this will grow up a nice plant; I will go to hear mass, and give this to Pat in my way.' But, ohone! ohone! sir, if I tell you my heart will break. Sure enough, Christmas-day morning came; and my poor boy, after hearing mass, bid a few of the neighbours good bye:—(and the old man, evidently much affected, covered his face with both his hands, and continued in a low voice: "he went to the old bridge, and the weather being very bad, the water in the river was very high and muddy, my poor boy, sir, as I am told, took off his hat, gave three

huzzas, and leaped into the river, and immediately sunk, never to rise alive." Here again the old man broke off his narrative for some time. "Nor did I ever see his body for three weeks and four days after he was drowned. Well, sir, I'll not keep you, telling you about his funeral, any longer; but was there ever a poor mortal, in his old age, so persecuted? but the will of God must be done, and I am resigned. But let me tell you, sir, about the geranium: day after day, from that day, it was growing stronger and stronger, on account, as Pat Kenny told me, of some invisible hand trimming and watering it every night; for he assured me he never once either watered or pruned it in any other way except what was done to it at night, and no doubt my unfortunate Phil had some share in doing it: and about July following, I became so fond of the plant that I was continually teasing and tormenting Pat Kenny for it. He held out a long time in not giving it to me, till at last he saw my whole life was set on it; so the following Christmas morning, he said to his wife, he would give me the geranium; and taking it away from the window where my poor boy himself, with his own two hands, had put it, it fell from him, and the crock broke in pieces; he got another crock, and having planted it again, he was coming out his cabin door, when his foot slipped, and the second crock also was broken. That did not satisfy him yet, for he had no notion that it was Phil who was doing it all along; so he set it again, and desired his wife to bring it to me, and, sir, God between us and all harm! it fell from her also, and the crock was broken, and in all the falls nothing happened the plant itself: then it struck them that it was that day twelvemonths Phil gave it to them before he was drowned; so they left it where it was: and my only present enjoyment is to pay a visit to that geranium every day, and water it with my tears."

LAMP.

April 14, 1836.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Variations to a Favourite Austrian Air; from the Comic Opera Aline: for the Piano-forte. By J. P. Pixis, Second Edition. Birchall, Chappell, Latour, and Clements.

If the opera of *Aline* contains many more such sprightly and delightful airs as this, it must be very well worth the attention of some of our managers. This is the same air which has, though very improperly, been introduced into the *Freischütz*. The masterly way in which Pixis has treated it, verifies the high opinion we have formerly expressed of his talents. This second edition is in every respect much superior to the first, as it contains, additionally, a beautiful introduction, a variation in the minor mode, and a brilliant finale. It is altogether one of the best pieces that have lately come under our view.

2. *Melange on Favourite Airs from Spohr's Opera, Faust, for the Piano-forte.* By J. P. Pixis. Cramer and Co.

By combining this newest work of the same composer with the preceding one, which was published a few days sooner, the player will have two fine specimens of his highly-cultivated talent. The present melange contains two of the most favourite pieces of Spohr's opera—the minuetto and the polacca—both treated in a manner which must satisfy the most fastidious.

3. *Duet for Two Performers on the Piano-forte.* By C. Czerny. Op. 87. Same.

THIS popular and deservedly-admired work consists of a most beautiful theme, by Count Gallenberg, of Vienna, who has of late become favourably known in this country by some minor operatic pieces, and five variations, with a finale, by Czerny, in his very best style. The variations bear all closely upon the theme, and nowhere do we discover that superfluity of passages of which that composer is so fond. No part of the work is difficult except the latter part of the finale, where the second player will find it hard enough to skip without missing; but in every respect this is one of the finest duets that could be offered to advanced players.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Saturday the opera was rendered attractive by the appearance of Madame Pasta, who filled the theatre in every part. Her admirable acting and fine style of singing are not affected in the least since last year; and we need not add that both gave great delight to the audience.

DRURY-LANE.

THE only novelty of the present week is the resuscitation of Elliston, who, after a long and a severe indisposition, "revisited the glimpses of the lamps" on Tuesday evening, in his favourite character of *Rover*. The comedy of *Wild Oats*, has been so often played of late years, that an extended notice of it would be quite superfluous. It is sufficient to remark that the veteran actor, though looking rather too ancient for a runaway school-boy, appears still to enjoy a large portion of health and spirits,—that he played many of the scenes, particularly those with *Sim* and *Ephraim*, with infinite pleasantry,—and that he was called for at the conclusion of the play, and rewarded with a peal of warm and well-merited applause. Of the other performers who were employed, if we except the two ladies, Mrs. West and Miss Kelly, who were both excellent in their several parts, and Dowton, who is a capital *Sir George*, we can say nothing in any degree favourable. Mr. Bennett is an unworthy substitute for Jack Bannister in *John Dory*, and even much inferior to his immediate predecessor Gattie. Browne totally misconceives the character of the *Old Quaker*, which was wont to be so richly and quietly played by Munden; and Mr. Russell in *Sim*, makes us regret more deeply than ever the loss we have sustained in the ingenious and industrious little Knight. The play, indeed, with this year's cast, can never be expected to draw a better house than it did on Tuesday—a house that certainly could not have defrayed its charges. Why should not Elliston try what he can do with *Falstaff*; the knight's "great Pelly doubtlet," as *Sir Hugh* calls it, is quite unoccupied; and there is no reason why with such a voice—such an eye—and so much humour, he should not hit it off extremely well.

"The young lady" announced for a "first appearance" in the new opera of *Aladdin*, is Miss Johnson, the niece and pupil of Miss Stephens.

COVENT GARDEN.

Oberon continues to attract full audiences. The new farce to be performed on Tuesday next, is by Mr. Lunn, the translator of *Fish out of Water*.

ADELPHI.

Mr. Yates seems to be going on very prosperously with his new Entertainment. This we are not much surprised at, as it contains some very clever sketches of character—is smartly written, and withal very neatly and pleasantly recited. The most attractive portion of it is the last part or monopolylogue, as it is denominated, a little drama in which the actor assumes no fewer than eight different parts. This representation, from the admirable contrivances of the scene, the striking dissimilarity of the characters, and the unparalleled and astonishing rapidity with which the dresses are changed, is one of the best things of the sort we have ever seen. The house fills nightly.

VARIETIES.

Soliman Bey.—Soliman Bey, whose military talents have proved so disastrous to the unfortunate Greeks, is, in fact, a *ci-devant* officer of the horse chasseurs, of Napoleon's imperial guard, of the name of Séve, who distinguished himself in the Peninsular war; and who, on the death of Marshal Ney, quitted France, turned renegade, and, going over to Egypt, offered his services to the Pacha, by whom they were accepted.

A M. Eugene de Pradel, at Paris, styling himself *Improvisateur Français*, has offered to improvise a tragedy in French verse, for the benefit of the Francini's; and he invites the celebrated Italian Scricci to aid him and witness the similitudes and differences in their two languages.

Poisonous Wounds.—The successful application of the cupping-glass to poisonous wounds, by Dr. Barry, of Paris, has already been noticed in the *Literary Gazette*. By further experiments, it appears, that an animal that has suffered the most fatal effect of the absorption into the blood of poisonous matters, may, nevertheless, be restored to life by this treatment; as if the action of the cupping-glass had the power of recalling to the exterior the poison already introduced into the vessels. Dr. Barry strongly recommends the use of the cupping-glass, followed by that of the cautery, in cases of the bite of a mad dog; even if the first symptoms of hydrophobia should have shewn themselves.

Southern Brabant.—In the last volume of the proceedings of the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Brussels, there is a curious paper by M. Kickz, one of the members. This gentleman has communicated the result of above twenty years observation on the atmospheric constitution of the province of South Brabant, and on the meteors which have caused its variations. It appears, that, on the average, winds from south to west have prevailed for 166 days in the year; winds from west to north, for 84 days; winds from north to east, for 92 days; and winds from east to south for only 23 days. On the average there have been in the 365 days, 245 of common wind, 81 of strong wind, 29 of violent wind, and 10 of hurricane. With respect to rain, it has fallen, on the average, on 149 in the 365 days; viz. 69 days of gentle rain, 48 of showers, 10 of heavy showers, and 22 of tempestuous rain.

The fashion in Paris.—Our whimsical neighbours, ever in extremes, have passed from the neglect of all religious observances to their introduction on the most inappropriate occasions. In the great world at Paris, an evening bell is now usually sanctified by a previous sermon. "How do you manage it?" said one of her

friends to a female devotee of rank. "Nothing can be more simple. We enter the assembly-room, dressed for the dance, but without taking off our shawls; hiding our white satin shoes under our skirts, and our bouquets under our handkerchiefs. Every one sits in silence, with her eyes fixed on the ground. Presently the abbé comes in, and places himself on a kind of stool in the midst of the company. He murmurs a short prayer; we make the necessary responses behind our fans. The sermon then begins. When it is finished, we applaud the preacher; he retires; the musicians are ordered in; and the ball commences.—That is the fashion!"

Dead Authors.—A French critic thus introduces his notice of the work of a deceased author:—"He will pardon us for not having sooner given an account of his book. Impatient to enjoy their fame, living authors urge us, besiege us, contend for priority; and to them the delay of a single day seems a denial of justice; but a dead author is not in such a hurry; he knows that his time will come; and he has leisure to wait, and to let the crowd pass: *Patience, quia aeternus.*"

Canal of the Pyrenees.—The royal canal of the Pyrenees, a plan of which has been presented to the French government, is to continue that of Languedoc, from Thoulouse to Bayonne. The surveys are all finished, and extend over more than seventy leagues, in the whole of which line there is not a single obstacle of importance. This canal will pass through five fertile departments, the produce of which it will be the means of spreading. A free navigation from one sea to the other, from the Mediterranean to the Western Ocean, will be the immediate consequence of this great undertaking.

Cure for Drunkenness and Gout.—One of our Paris correspondents, after a good-humoured contrast of old and modern English manners, which our limits prevent us from inserting, writes thus:—"A M. Mazurier, not the man-monkey, but a doctor at Strasburg in France, has found out a remedy for intoxication; and this thing capable of yielding us so much delight is acetate of potass, which the author says will make a drunken man sober in five or six minutes. This is a famous fellow this Mazurier, for he swears it will cure the gout as well. I cannot exactly make out his mode of reasoning, but I will give it you as I have it. He asserts, having constantly observed the uric acid in the *osteoformes* concretions in the arteries and veins of the gouty, he thinks the uric acid the cause of gout; hence he concludes that soap of potass and acetate of potass are the best remedies for gout. Whether he means the patient to eat half a pound of turpentine soap instead of so much ham or cold beef for breakfast, I don't know, as he does not say a word how the soap is to be administered. He goes on—if a vegetable diet suit the gouty, it is because vegetables contain potass; if a milk diet be recommended, it is, no doubt, because milk contains potass, and probably in the state of acetate, and calcined magnesia is well known in England as a remedy for gout; hence he concludes that gout may be treated like any other disorder, and he regards acetate of potass for gout to be like bark for fever. If this be true, the famous Dr. Sendmore will no longer be able to boast of a decided superiority in the treatment of gout, as any man can send to the chandler's shop the moment he feels a fit of gout coming on, get half a pound of soap, and cure himself at once; this, it must be allowed, is a clean way of curing gout, whether taken

internally or externally; and if the author be right in his conjectures, I vote that he be as handsomely rewarded for his discovery as Dr. Jenner was for the vaccine; and then we can say *probatum est.*"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

There is announced as in the press (to be completed in three parts), the first part of a Dictionary of Anatomy and Physiology, by H. W. Dewhurst, Surgeon. It purports to contain a complete System of Practical Anatomy and Physiology, to form a guide to the student in the dissecting-room, and a work of reference to the medical practitioner. Also, by the same author, Synoptical Tables of the Materia Medica, corresponding to the London Pharmacopoeia of 1824.

A Letter to Mr. Thomas Brown, Surgeon, Musselburgh, containing Remarks on his "Letter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Liverpool, concerning the present state of Vaccination," by Henry Edmondson, A.M., Surgeon, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, is announced.

Dr. Parie's new work on Diet, with a view to refute several prevailing opinions, and to establish a system of rules, for the prevention and cure of the various diseases incident to a disordered state of the digestive functions, will soon appear.

Dr. Barry, of Paris, has nearly ready for publication, *Experimental Researches on the Influence of Atmospheric Pressure upon the Venous Circulation, Absorption, and the Prevention and Cure of Hydrophobia, and the Symptoms arising from every species of Poisoned Wounds.*

Mr. Curtis has in the press a fourth edition of his *Treatise on the Physiology and Diseases of the Ear*, in which he has shewn what may be done in acoustic surgery, particularly in cases of deaf and dumb.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Woodstock; or the Cavalier, a Tale of 1651; by the Author of Waverley, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. boards.
—Vivian Grey, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s. 6d. boards.—Godwin's History of the Commonwealth, vol. 2, 8vo. 16s. 6d. boards.—Watts's (Rev. G.) Things Invisible, and other Poems, 12mo. 5s. 6d. boards.—Simpson's Metrical Fractions, 12mo. 2s. 6d. boards.—Glennings of Chemistry, 8vo. 6s. 6d. cloth.—Blackley's Practical Sermons, 3 vols. 12mo. 15s. 6d. boards.—Morrison's (Dr.) Parting Memorial, 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.—Booker's Mourner Comforted, 18mo. 2s. 6d. boards.—Dixon's Polish Representations, 8vo. 7s. 6d. boards.—Dewar's Moral Philosophy, 2 vols. 8vo. 12. 4s. boards.—Reflections on the Doctrines and Duties of the Christian Revelation, 12mo. 3s. 6d. boards.—Solitary Hours, 8vo. 6s. 6d. boards.—Foster's Sermons, 8vo. 9s. boards.—Passatempo Moral, 12mo. 6s. 6d. boards.—The Plain Speaker, 2 vols. 8vo. 15. 4s. boards.—Paywicke, 18mo. 2s. 6d. boards.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1826.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 6	From 44. to 62.	30.06 to 30.10
Friday 7	45. to 66.	30.03 to 30.15
Saturday 8	41. to 69.	30.15 to 30.06
Sunday 9	45. to 65.	30.00 to 30.70
Monday 10	38. to 54.	30.16 to 30.94
Tuesday 11	45. to 61.	30.10 to 30.71
Wednesday 12	45. to 49.	30.17 to 30.57

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing, generally clear till the 11th, when, and on the 12th, some heavy rain fell.
Rain fallen, .45 of an inch.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 13	From 42. to 56.	30.02 to 30.10
Friday 14	45. to 65.	30.20 to 30.20
Saturday 15	46. to 61.	30.20 to 30.20
Sunday 16	48. to 56.	30.00 to 30.20
Monday 17	54. to 58.	30.20 to 30.24
Tuesday 18	39. to 51.	30.22 to 30.17
Wednesday 19	33. to 64.	30.12 to 30.02

Wind variable, N. and N.W. prevailing.—Alternately clear and cloudy, with frequent rain.
Rain fallen, 2 of an inch.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 20	From 33. to 63.	29.90 to 29.70
Friday 21	32. to 66.	29.54 to 29.70
Saturday 22	47. to 68.	29.60 to 29.70
Sunday 23	45. to 55.	29.77 to 29.80
Monday 24	39. to 50.	29.83 to 29.80
Tuesday 25	28. to 51.	29.96 to 29.80
Wednesday 26	37. to 54.	29.70 to 29.68

Wind variable.—Generally clear; except the 25th, when some rain fell.
Rain fallen, 15 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude..... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are not aware of having seen the work mentioned by L. S. M. D.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.

established in 1810, having obtained the Patronage of His Most Gracious Majesty, accompanied by a munificent Donation from the Friends of the Arts, and the Subscribers, are respectfully informed, that the SEVENTEENTH ANNIVERSARY of the Institution for relieving the Widows and Orphans of Artists, will be celebrated in Freemasons' Hall, on Saturday, the 6th of May.

The Right Honourable FRIDRICK ROBINSON, Chancellor of the Exchequer, is the Chair.

The interests of this Institution are entrusted to the Management of a Committee of Fifteen Members, annually elected, Ten being Amateurs, and Five Artists. The Society has been open to the Admission of every Artist of merit in the United Kingdom, ever since its Establishment in the Year 1810, and by paying an annual Tenth to the Joint Stock or Annual Fund, for their own relief, should they ever require it, their Widows and Orphans have been entitled, as a matter of right, to an Annuity from the Benevolent Fund.

St John Edward Swinburn, Esq. F.R.S. and F.S.A. President.
Richard Horsman Smith, Esq. F.R.S. and F.S.A. Vice-President.
James Moore, Esq. F.R.S. and F.S.A. Lincoln's Inn, Treasurer.

Stewards.

The Right Honourable the Earl of Aberdeen, K.T.
The Right Honourable the Earl of Arundell, K.T.
The Right Honourable Lord Francis Leveson Gower
The Right Honourable Charles Arltholm, M.P.
The Right Honourable George Canning, M.P.
The Right Honourable the Earl of Devonport, M.P.
The Right Honourable the Lord Chief Justice Best.
Robert Abraham, Esq.
Charles A. Bredel, Esq.
John Barnett, Esq.
Thomas M. Baynes, Esq.
William Henry Brooke, Esq.
Thomas Camphell, Esq.
Sir Anthony Carlisle, B.R.S.
Sir John Croker, Esq. M.P.
Abraham Cooper, Esq. Esq.
Francis Dore, Esq. F.S.A.
William Croft Fish, Esq.
William Finck, Esq.
Thomas C. Hoffman, Esq.
Edwin Lander, Esq.

Tickets, including Dinner, Dessert, and Wine, Seventeen Shillings, to be had of the Secretary, 43, Moorgate Place, Hampstead Road, on Wednesday, the 10th of May, at the Freemasons' Hall. Dinner on the Table at Half-past Five for Six precisely.

ROBERT BALMAIN, Honorary Secretary.

INCORPORATED LITERARY FUND

SOCIETY, under the immediate Patronage of His Majesty. The ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL of this Institution will be celebrated in Freemasons' Hall, on Wednesday, the 10th of May, when His Grace the DUKE of SOMERSET, the President of the Institution, will take the Chair.

The Nobility, and Friends of Literature in general, are earnestly and respectfully invited to concur in the objects of a Society, the particular object of which is to relieve Men of Learning and Genius in Distress, who have benefited the Public by their Writings.

Stewards.

The Right Lord, Lord Glenmor-Charles, Esq.
The Hon. Henry Eden, Esq.
Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B.
The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor
The Hon. H. H. Baber
John Capel, Esq.
Dr. Copland
L. A. de la Chauxette, Esq.
Thomas Halifax, Esq.
G. H. Lockhart, Esq.
The Rev. Dr. Morris
The Rev. Dr. Richards
The Rev. Dr. Russell
Geo. Fred. Stratton, Esq.
Thomas Wilson, Esq. M.P.

Tickets, five each, to be had of the Stewards; also at the Chambers of the Secretary, 4, Lincoln's Inn Fields; and at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern.

British Institution, Pall Mall.

THE GALLERY for the EXHIBITION

of the SOCIETY of BRITISH ARTISTS, including the celebrated Picture of "Christ Crowned with Thorns," by WILLIAM HILTON, R.A. purchased by the Directors, is Open daily, from Ten in the Morning, until Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION

of the SOCIETY of BRITISH ARTISTS, in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, is now Open, from Eight o'clock in the Morning until Dusk.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
T. C. HOPLAND, Secretary.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Vol. LXVI. Number 1. Edited by Samuel Rogers, Esq. Waverley in North America. By Charles Waterton.—III. Et. Gares Comptes de Demosthène; et Comptes de Aristophane; by Mitchell; et. The Birds of Aristophane, by Gray.—IV. On the Narrative Narratives, by the late James Watson, Esq. V. Les Religions de la Seine Natative, Religieuses Converse au Convent des Chanoines de Fougères, décrits sous la Dictée: suivies de sa Vie Intérieure, écrite par lui-même; et de sa mort, par le Rédacteur, et de sa Révélation, et pour y servir de suite.—VI. 1st. The Value of the British West India Colonies, and of the British North American Colonies; 2nd. Importance of North American Colonies to Great Britain.—VII. Report of Committee on the Wages of Labour.—VIII. 1st. Evidence before Committee of the House of Lords on the State of Ireland, 1825. 2nd. Evidence before the House of Commons on the State of Ireland, 1825.—IX. 1st. Tennessee; 2nd. Matilda; 3rd. Granby.—X. 1st. Six Months in the West Indies; 2nd. The West India Question practically considered.—XI. Recent Discoveries in Africa, made during the Years 1824, by Major Denham, Captain Clapperton, &c.—XII. The late Dr. Oudney.—XIII. Letter to Sir Henry Hall, Bart. on a Method of Inoculating the Small-Pox, which deprives it of all its Danger, but preserves all its power of generating a Second Attack. By R. Ferguson, M.D.—XIV. Memoirs of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan. By John Watkins, LL.D., and Thomas Moore.

Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

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